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THE OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.

THE rapidity and daring which characterized the operations on the field of Tel-el-Kebir have been worthily repeated in the subsequent proceedings of the English force. No one could have anticipated with confidence (though those who were conversant with Egyptian character might have made a shrewd guess) that a single blow would so completely pierce the heart of the rebellion. Hardly any one, however accurate his knowledge of Egypt, could have foreseen the more than Oriental faithlessness which in a day transformed ARABI the Dictator into ARABI the "Dog and Pig." But it must be remembered—and forgetfulness of it would deprive the English army of perhaps the greatest share of the credit justly due to it—that, if this mood of irresolution and yielding had not been taken in the nick of time, the advantage of it would probably have been lost. The courage and vigour of the pursuit have justly received the highest compliments from the most competent, and by no means the most benevolent, criticism of the Continent. When General DRURY LOWE, with a few squadrons of cavalry wearied by a two days' forced march, demanded and obtained the surrender of a garrison eight thousand strong, provided superabundantly with all munitions of war, he did even a better thing than his famous charge at Kassassin. When Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, at the head of some five hundred Highlanders, in the same way disarmed four thousand men with twenty-four guns at Tantah, the most fanatical town in Egypt, the bloodless success was even more creditable than the advance on Tel-el-Kebir itself. The reported superiority of the Egyptians who did not fight to the Egyptians who did may be taken with a good deal of allowance; but there is no doubt that, if the scattered posts had been allowed time to communicate with one another, and opportunity to combine, a formidable resistance might still have been made. There is still less doubt that an attempt would have been made to renew at Cairo the disasters of Alexandria. The reports respecting Damietta are confused and contradictory; but the vigorous combined action of the fleet and Sir EVELYN WOOD's brigade can hardly fail to reduce it if it should offer actual resistance. With its fall the neck and back of the rebellion will have been hopelessly broken. Its strong places are in English hands, its lavish stores and munitions have been destroyed or surrendered, its troops are disbanded and in part disarmed. Occasional outbreaks, such as that of Damanhour, will no doubt occur, and probably more Remington rifles than is desirable have been secreted. There may also be trouble with the Bedouins, and the submission of Upper Egypt is not yet assured. But the quickness with which the victors of Tel-el-Kebir made for and held the chief points of vantage, and the isolation into which the fortresses of the coast were thrown by the success of the march from Ismailia, have made it almost impossible that armed resistance on the great scale should now be tried.

It is, however, very much to be hoped that the rapid and dazzling success thus obtained will not in reality dazzle either the General in command or the authorities at home. The despatches relating to the Kassassin affair (which have amply confirmed the criticism of those who did not choose to allow their judgment to be fettered by the general consideration that in a war sanctioned by Mr. GLADSTONE all must necessarily go right) show that

certain risks have been run in the obtaining of this great success, and it is very desirable that none should be run in keeping it. Already we hear talk of transports ordered to bring home the English soldiers, of the immediate return of the Indian troops, and so forth. It may be hoped that better counsels will prevail. It takes more men to hold a country than to conquer it, and for some time at least Egypt must be held. It is particularly important that posts strong enough to overawe any casual gathering of disbanded soldiers or any ferment of popular fanaticism should be lodged in every considerable Egyptian town. The reported intention not to send English troops into Upper Egypt at all, but to rely on the submission of the officials there, would be in the highest degree unwise. The Delta is tranquil because its inhabitants have heard the English guns and seen the English uniforms; because they have been actual spectators of ARABI flying before General LOWE, and of regiment after regiment flinging its arms into railway trucks as it marches past an English commander. Upper Egypt has seen none of these things, and it is desirable that it should see them. The Indian troops, who are said, with every likelihood of truth, to have produced a special effect on the minds of their brother Moslems, would be well suited for the service, and it would be a well-earned compliment to employ them upon it. Nor will the entire force now in the country, with the reinforcements held in reserve at Malta, be a man too much for the duties of the next few months. The dullest of spectators can hardly mistake the value of the lip-loyalty which now hails the KHEDIVÉ, and the politeness which expresses its joy at the success of the English. It is not necessary to suppose any desperate hatred of their conquerors on the part of the Egyptians; this is nearly as unlikely as any ardent affection for them. But, until Egypt is resettled, and the army transformed from an instrument of rebellion into an instrument of order, common sense demands that the occupying force should not be weakened. *Beati possidentes*; but they are only blessed on the understanding that they actually possess.

It would also be idle to disguise the fact that the presence of a strong English force in Egypt is at least as desirable for reasons of policy as for reasons of police. In the first place, any serious riot, however local and partial, could not fail to be used by the enemies of England as an argument; in the second, the more thoroughly the country is in English hands, the less likely are unreasonable claims to be made by other nations. Although no official sign has been yet given, it is certain that such claims would be made if there were the least chance of their being urged with success. The Gambettist suggestion that by-gones should be by-gones, and that the chestnuts should be equally shared between monkey and cat, may be politely ignored so long as the cat has them safe in her own possession, but not so easily when they have been relinquished. The persistent ill-will of Italy, impotent in itself, is certain to lose no opportunity, since direct profit to itself is not likely to arise from the Egyptian matter, of endeavouring to inconvenience England as much as possible. The German Powers have no reason to interfere, unless some specially favourable opportunity is given; and Russia has no *locus standi* at all. But the position of vantage now occupied by England depends entirely on the retention of her present command over Egypt, and on the further condition that she shows herself able to put the country in a state of tranquil and secured

order under its lawful rulers. That this may be done, the presence of a strong English force for some time to come is absolutely necessary. Indeed, considerations of policy would seem to point rather to the formation of strong reserves at Malta and Cyprus than to the withdrawing of a single man from Egypt. It is certain that England means fairly by Europe; if the converse proposition cannot be stated with the same confidence, it is the fault of European opinion for having displayed itself somewhat incautiously not very long ago. At present it is, for the most part, disposed to compliment us on our success; and there is no way so sure of maintaining this agreeable state of things as to show that the results of that success are not to be lightly abandoned, and are to be still less lightly wrested from us. The most immediate difficulty with which England is confronted is probably the treatment of the rebel leaders. Although their punishment has in some quarters been demanded in a somewhat absurd manner—as though death were the natural gaerdon of any man who dares to draw sword against Mr. GLADSTONE—it is probable that a general amnesty would have a bad effect in Egypt, and that the minor penalty of banishment would lead to inconvenience in the future. Independently of the fact of rebellion, the massacre of Alexandria, the sacking of that city, and the outrages (exaggerated, indeed, but unfortunately by no means altogether invented) which followed in the interior, supply ample grounds for the infliction of the severest penalty. Repugnant as it may be to military feelings to regard a prisoner as a criminal, the duty of the invaders to the future peace of Egypt is clearly their first duty.

#### LORD DUFFERIN'S ROPE OF SAND.

THE English Ambassador at Constantinople, having a strong sense of humour, must have found some compensation in the form of amusement for his tedious diplomatic labours. The communications which he has been instructed to make to the Porte, as well as the answers which he has received, have seldom been either designed or fitted to attain their ostensible object. For a time, indeed, the English Government seriously desired to obviate the necessity of a costly and doubtful enterprise by inducing the Turkish Government to re-establish the KHEDIVÉ's authority in Egypt. Lord GRANVILLE had with much difficulty induced the French Ministry to waive its objections to a measure which might, as it was supposed, have increased the SULTAN's influence in North Africa. It was perhaps impossible to reject the proposal that a Turkish mission should be in the first instance despatched to Egypt for the purpose of ascertaining whether the insurgent leader would submit without the application of actual force; but the only result of the experiment was the disclosure of the SULTAN's complicity with ARABI's enterprise. The negotiations with the Porte would probably have been at once discontinued if the English Government had not thought it prudent to secure, in default of co-operation, the friendly neutrality of the Great Powers. During several weeks the Porte was in vain urged to take part in the Conference against which it had protested; and at last, on the advice of one or more friendly Courts, the demand was granted. Immediately afterwards the project of a Turkish expedition to Egypt was conceded in principle, while the arrangement of details was reserved for further discussion.

From this time the negotiations between the Porte or the Palace and the English Ambassador assumed an almost comic character. Previous delays had resulted in the invasion of Egypt by an English army, which could only be embarrassed by the presence of a Turkish contingent. It became necessary to limit the numbers and to regulate the action of the auxiliary force; and every suggestion on either side was met by objections or alternative proposals. The most conciliatory spirit seemed to prevail in the deliberation, with the effect of reducing the differences of opinion to apparently insignificant dimensions. When the strength of the Turkish force had been settled by agreement, it became necessary to fix the place of landing. The Turkish Ministers insisted for a time on the selection of Alexandria, with full knowledge that the English Government could not allow Sir EVELYN WOOD's weak garrison to be exposed to the possible defection or hostility of a doubtful ally. The counter-proposal of a landing to be effected at Aboukir or Damietta was liable

to the obvious objection that both places were in possession of the enemy. With his customary desire to meet the wishes of the Porte, Lord DUFFERIN then agreed to substitute an undefined spot to be selected by the two Commanders-in-Chief on the arrival of the Turkish transports at Port Said. The Turkish Ministers at once agreed to a supposed offer of a landing-place at Port Said as a preliminary to the expression of surprise and disappointment when they were superfluously informed of the real character of the proposal. The common object of postponing a final agreement was facilitated by the simultaneous discussion of the terms of two separate documents. When the military Convention seemed to approach its ultimate form, the plenipotentiaries had the opportunity of falling back on the Proclamation against ARABI, which offered still greater facilities for critical discussion. When Lord DUFFERIN at last approved of the draft, and arranged that the Proclamation should be formally communicated to himself, the Turkish Minister published the document in the newspapers with some trifling alterations. After Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's victory had superseded all controversy as to the rebellious character of the defeated leader, questions were still raised on details of the military Convention, which also had become practically obsolete. The issues which had been gradually narrowing at last became imperceptible, except to the artificial vision of diplomacy.

It is more certain that the English Government wished to throw obstacles in the way of the Turkish expedition than that the SULTAN and his advisers entertained any serious desire to take part in the war against ARABI. The religious objections to a war with Mussulmans, in which the so-called CALIPH might act in concert with infidels, were due rather to the ingenuity of European theorists than to Turkish scruples or modes of thought. From the first outbreak of the revolt to the present time the motives of the insurgents have been as simple and secular as in the case of any other attack by a military adventurer on an established Government. ARABI naturally caused the spiritual authorities of Egypt to proclaim the orthodoxy of his undertaking; but it is doubtful whether he or any of his adherents were at all actuated by religious enthusiasm. It is certain that the SULTAN would have dealt with ARABI as his predecessors had treated many Mussulman insurgents, if he had not thought it expedient to countenance a conspiracy against his own partially independent vassal. Professed believers in Mahometan fanaticism always leave open for themselves a door of escape from the discredit of unfulfilled prophecies. It seems that the duty of fighting in the cause of the Prophet is subject to the limitation that defeat or inferiority must be accepted as part of a Providential dispensation. True disciples of Islam were bound to support ARABI when he detached the troops from their allegiance to the KHEDIVÉ; but the interposition of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has reversed their obligations by making obedience to the winning party a religious duty. It is not improbable that the SULTAN may have been disposed to wait till the fortune of war had declared itself before he took any active part in the quarrel. ARABI was, indeed, proclaimed a rebel before the capture of Tel-el-Kebir, when the English General had easily repelled two or three attacks, and when he was preparing to march on the enemy's position. The chances were all in favour of the cause which was after long hesitation adopted. If the English had been defeated, the SULTAN might have found in the argumentative preamble of his Proclamation a plausible excuse for resuming his friendly relations with the rebel chief. ARABI had been declared a rebel because he had been guilty of certain contumacious acts. It would have been easy to accept apologies or explanations from a victorious adversary. The SULTAN might in that case have taken credit for the skill with which he had parried the insidious overtures of the English Ambassador. The prolongation of the diplomatic struggle has, in the actual circumstances, tended to the advantage of the English Government.

Reasonable politicians will wait with patience for the gratification of their curiosity as to the reasons which induced Lord GRANVILLE to delay the despatch of the Turkish contingent, and yet not to allow the negotiation to drop. When important transactions are pending it is an unmixed advantage that the conduct of affairs should not be impeded by inquisitive members of Parliament. If the Egyptian campaign had coincided with the Session, Ministers would have been asked from day to day whether



Sir GARNET WOLSELEY was about to land at Aboukir, or why he had transferred his base of operations to Ismailia. It might have been still more difficult to answer, or to refuse to answer, the plausible criticisms which would have been directed against the diplomatic proceedings at Constantinople. The responsibility of the Government is more complete when it is not prematurely divided with Parliament. There is no doubt that Parliament and the country will be too well satisfied with the successful termination of the war to inquire very curiously into the details of Ministerial policy. In the meantime, the explanation of the course which has been pursued can be only conjectural. While it is expedient to renew and secure all the privileges and immunities of the KHEDIVÉ, it may have been also thought desirable to reassert the titular and indefinite sovereignty of the SULTAN. His troops could now, even if they were to land in Egypt, probably do no harm; and their presence would record the fact that Egypt is still in a certain sense a province of the Turkish Empire; but both the Turkish Ministers and the English Ambassador seem to have come to the conclusion that the diplomatic game is played out. Lord DUFFERIN began with a courteous inquiry whether the Porte thought a military Convention any longer necessary. On the following day he added the statement that the English Government thought it useless to proceed with the negotiation. The right of the SULTAN to intervene on undefined occasions in Egyptian affairs is not disputed. It is possible that a future Khedive may repeat the attempt of the founder of the dynasty to render himself absolutely independent. Forty years ago the English Government resisted the enterprise by force; and the subsequent construction of the Suez Canal adds new importance to all questions which affect the condition of Egypt. It is indispensable to English interests that the local Government of the territory traversed by the Canal should be amenable to pressure. For some time to come the KHEDIVÉ is not likely to deviate from the loyal policy which he has maintained under difficulties which are now removed. Nevertheless it may hereafter be found convenient to appeal to the hopes and fears of the SULTAN as well as to the gratitude or deference of his feudatory. Some experienced politicians still hold that the revival of the ancient alliance between England and Turkey affords the best security against the disturbance of peace.

#### IRELAND.

BY refusing to divert the law from its course in the case of WALSH, Lord SPENCER has well maintained the judicious attitude which he has lately assumed, and has done more to assure the tranquillity of Ireland than all the praters about conciliation and redress of grievances. The effect of this steady and prudent severity is visible, and perhaps most distinctly visible in the restless conduct of the agitators. They are full of projects, but they shift from one to the other with the feverish eagerness which, more than anything else, argues want of self-confidence. The Labour League has, at any rate up to the present moment, pretty certainly proved a failure, and accordingly a new project is started. A grand federation of all the leagues and associations which have been set on foot of late years is to be instituted, and to work in combination, on the lines which Mr. TREVELYAN somewhat imprudently indicated on a recent occasion, and in the spirit which Mr. O'DONNELL has displayed in his speech at Cork. Nothing is openly said of further agrarian demands, but Home Rule once more comes to the front, together with a promised agitation for Parliamentary Reform, for changes in county government, and the like. The programme is, indeed, so extensive that it may be shrewdly suspected that at the moment no great stress is intended to be placed on any one of its clauses. The intention is pretty evidently to keep the embers of agitation alive by heaping them all together, in the hope that accident may enable flame to break out on this side or that of the heap at a future time. From Mr. PARCELL's own point of view the scheme is not unwise. He keeps the *cadres* of the army of agitation ready to be filled up at a given moment. It remains, however, to be seen whether there is sufficient tenacity in the Irish character to carry out the plan. Expectation grounded upon history might doubt this. It has been the way of Irishmen to agitate fiercely for a time, and

then, whether successful or defeated, to cease from agitation. At the present moment, moreover, they have the results of the Land Act and the Arrears Bill to swallow and digest. A renewal of agitation when digestion is over is certain; but a cessation of it for a time is probable. Such a cessation would be no proof of a radical amendment in Irish affairs; but, if the attitude which Lord SPENCER has now assumed be maintained by him and adopted by his successors, any future outbreak of the disease will at any rate meet with proper treatment. That it only needed similar conduct two years ago to prevent the crimes, the injustice, and the evil precedents which are actually on record is a reflection more melancholy, perhaps, than practical.

With the opening of the second year of the Land Commission there begins a series of proceedings which demand, and which, it may be hoped, will receive, close attention. The grotesque iniquities of last year could only be denied by party audacity or ignored by party blindness; and it is not, on the whole, likely that they will be repeated. The appointment of numerous official valuers; the corrections which the Commissioners themselves were, for very shame's sake, obliged in many cases to apply to the too zealous action of their subordinates; and the decision of important points of law by the judges on appeal, may be thought likely, if not certain, to prevent the recurrence of the scandals of last autumn and winter. The Land Commission will remain, by Mr. GLADSTONE's own confession, a partisan tribunal, selected from one class of political sympathizers only; but its manifestations of sympathy will probably be more guarded. On the other hand, it will have none of the excuse of novelty, haste, and insufficient equipment which it could urge last year. The Sub-Commissioners have been largely increased; they have been relieved of duties which they were incompetent to discharge, and there has been ample time for them and for their superiors (who have also been reinforced by Lord MONCK's appointment) to systematize and improve their procedure. There is now no overt influence deterring tenants from coming in, and the complaint which was made last year by admirers of the Land Act, that its operation was checked by the insufficiency of its dealings with arrears, has been amply met. The unreasonable expectations of tenants which the first decisions of the Sub-Commissioners and the wildness of their *obiter dicta* helped to stimulate, have by this time somewhat subsided; and, on the other hand, landlords have made up their minds to take the shearing quietly, in the hope that flesh may not follow fell. Above all, the Land Commission is in the position, always a favourable one, of coming into the field with money in its pocket. The remnant of the Church Surplus and the unlimited security of the patient taxpayers of England and Scotland are at its disposal. When the Irish tenant is bidden on the one hand, *respicere funem*, to regard the fates of HYNES and WALSH, and on the other to look at the Sub-Commissioners with their power to cut down his rent in the future and to pay off his arrears in the past, he must be indeed a singular specimen of humanity if he refuses to accept the pleasanter prospect. Between MARWOOD and Professor BALDWIN a wise man can hardly hesitate. What may happen when Professor BALDWIN has done his best, and MARWOOD ceases to be in evidence, may, indeed, be matter of less cheerful forecast, and that is the weakness of the combined method of employing these functionaries. But for the present it may produce, and indeed can hardly fail to produce, an apparent effect.

That this is the conclusion of the persons best qualified to judge, whatever their prepossessions on the subject, may be taken as proved by Mr. GIBSON's temperate and accurate review of the Irish situation in his speech at the end of last week at Accrington. It would be idle, however, to disguise the fact that unknown quantities, as usual, enter too largely into the Irish problem to make it safe to prophesy the exact succession of its phases. The mysterious declarations of Mr. A. M. SULLIVAN in America about a great approaching struggle may be reasonably supposed, although Mr. SULLIVAN is a rather more serious politician than some of his friends, to be nothing but the windy stuff which all politicians, native and foreign, are wont to talk about Ireland on American soil. Nor is it probable that the Irish tenants will take at all kindly to Mr. GEORGE's visionary schemes of land communism. These schemes are being industriously preached in England, and Mr. GEORGE has apparently got about him a tail of very strange

beasts, some of whom have figured in the menageries of other recent political charlatans. But, as Mr. GEORGE himself perceives, the Land Act (and this is not its worst point) by no means favours his schemes. If the landlord is to be dispossessed of his share in the land without compensation, the tenant clearly can expect none for the tenant-right of which Mr. GLADSTONE has just made him a present. The scheme, moreover, though, in its promised transference of State burdens to land, it may be tempting to the inhabitants of a great manufacturing country, has no charms for the inhabitants of a country in which the land is almost the only source of income. A factory hand may be seduced by the prospect of free beer and tobacco if the land is nationalized; his employer, if a very short-sighted political economist, may think Income-tax would sit much more appropriately on the shoulders of the farmer than on his own. But the object of the Irish tenant is to pay no rent at all; not to pay it to the State instead of to his landlord, and, by so paying it, to free his creditor the shopkeeper from paying any taxes. Especially is this the case with the small tenants who are the curse of Ireland. The thousand Mayo cottiers who have paid no rent to Lord DILLON for three years, and who are now under sentence of ejectment, would thank Mr. GEORGE very little for converting their rent into cess. It may be added, as the DILLON tenantry have been mentioned, that the results of the SWINFORD ejectments will be watched with the greatest interest. It is generally admitted that this property, though one of the most mercifully managed in Ireland, or perhaps because it is one of the most mercifully managed, is one of the chief examples of the impossibility of the Irish cottier system. Lord DILLON is said to have three thousand tenants holding at six pounds a year and under. That such holdings can support a family is of course impossible, and nothing but harvest work in England and Scotland has kept the bodies and souls of the cottiers together. This, if there ever was one, is a case for emigration, and the present circumstances, if properly managed, may lead to a better state of things.

#### THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AT TRIESTE.

THE visit of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH to Trieste has been mainly remarkable for having given the silliest patriotic party in Europe another chance of distinguishing itself. Without their help the visit would have been a royal progress of the usual type. The citizens of Trieste might have displayed their loyalty in the approved manner. They would have had a holiday, and the EMPEROR would have heard his own praises sung, and seen the loyal delight of his subjects, and neither one nor the other need have troubled themselves further about events which were of immediate political importance five hundred years ago. He has no need to make his visit as if it were an almost rashly daring adventure, as his brother Emperor of RUSSIA has to do when he goes to the second city in his dominions. Like his other subjects of various races, the people of Trieste have good reason to be loyally affectionate to FRANCIS JOSEPH. He has been a moderate ruler, and strictly honourable in keeping his engagements to his people under great temptation. Although he was practically put on the throne by reactionary statesmen, who cynically boasted that they had made him a very pretty little despot, he has kept his word given later on to be a constitutional sovereign, even when the weakness and divisions of the Liberal parties would have let him do pretty much what he liked. It is only the dynasty of which he is the representative which saves the numerous States forming the Austrian Empire from falling into feeble division and anarchy. By the mere fact that he is there the EMPEROR does them all an incalculable service, and it is his personal merit that he tries to be there in the best possible way. The citizens of Trieste in particular have good cause to value their happiness in being his subjects. Even those of them who speak Italian, and may possibly be partly of Italian race, can have no wish to exchange his rule for the sentimental pleasure of belonging to the most heavily taxed and by no means the best administered country in Europe. Those of them who are Germans or Slavs have still less motive for changing their present condition. They may not be in the most enviable possible condition; but what is bad in it would be made worse, and what is good would be totally lost, if they were joined to Italy. The peoples of

the Adriatic States of the Empire know very well that their interests unite them to the Power which must dominate in the Balkan Peninsula. The visit of the EMPEROR gives them a chance of showing how thankful they are that he has made it as easy as possible for them to follow their interests.

A little handful of Italians have undertaken to trouble these very harmless festivities in a way which is almost equally odious and ridiculous. It has been the misfortune of Italy for some time past to be made to look undignified by the noisy demonstrations of irresponsible persons. The French intervention in Tunis and our own expedition to Egypt have given rise to an incredible amount of bluster, which has been made doubly laughable by the inaction of the Government. The Irredentists have conspired very much as their country has acted. There has been a great deal of noisy swagger, and nothing effectual done. It is only a few weeks since they committed the most contemptible and useless political crime which has been heard of in our time. There is always enough that is odious in political assassinations; but, when the victim is the chief of a State, they are at least intelligible. Such murders are generally blunders, but some have effected their object, and there is always a chance that any particular one may do so. But it is hard to say whether there is more folly or villainy in the actions of men capable of throwing bombs into crowded streets and cafés, on the chance that they will kill somebody, no matter whom. This is apparently the kind of political crime which particularly recommends itself to the Irredentist party. Not content with having already made themselves exceedingly odious by one such villainy, they had selected the EMPEROR'S visit as a propitious time for trying another. The scheme has fortunately been discovered—mainly by means of informers among the conspirators—but also partly owing to the clumsy ostentation of the would-be assassins. The discovery will probably have no effect beyond making the people of Trieste more than ever anxious to give the EMPEROR a warm welcome; but it may possibly lead to difficulties of some kind with Italy. There is of course no suspicion in the mind of anybody that the Government of that country has in any way connived at, still less encouraged, the villainous schemes of the Irredentists. But it is compelled to permit the existence of the party. As it can do nothing to satisfy the patriotic sentiment of the nation, which apparently cannot rest till it has annexed something, any Italian Ministry must maintain a more or less benevolent attitude towards a patriotic party. It is, therefore, very possible that, if the Irredentists do not find some means of getting rid of the responsibility for these crimes and attempts at crime, they may cause their Government no little trouble. The Austrians would have a very fair right to insist on the suppression of a society which exists for the purpose of fomenting a rebellion against them, and which works by murder. The Italian Government would probably have no wish, if left to itself, to decline to suppress the Irredentists; but it would have to reckon with the erratic patriotism and sentiment of its own people. Murder, and attempts at murder, do not seriously shock the moral sense of Italy. Fortunately the Italians are an eminently clear-headed, practical people in matters of business. When once it becomes clear that the Irredentist agitation is too dangerous an edged tool to be played with, Italy will make haste to escape from the possible consequences of the sport. Every satisfaction will be given to Austria, and the high-minded patriots who clamour for some immediate and vigorous action will be compelled to subside into silence, and wait for a more favourable opportunity.

It must be a subject of considerable satisfaction to the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH that he can help to celebrate what a contemporary funnily calls the five-hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Trieste into the Austrian Empire, with no more pressing danger threatening him than the Irredentist agitation. During the seventy-six years of its existence the Empire has generally had to fear more formidable enemies. Until quite recently it has always seemed possible that it would fall to pieces from internal dissensions, and it was surrounded by Powers always ready to attack it. Now it is shut off from France, and has made a close alliance with Germany. The dangers from within have apparently diminished in equal proportion. The many States which make up the remarkable confederation called the Empire of Austria seem to be quite satisfied with the degree of self-government given them by its complicated Constitution. The pedantic squabbles between the Slavs



and Germans as to the use of their respective languages are the only signs now given of the hatred between the two races. Hungary is now as loyal to the House of HABSBURG as its hereditary duchy, and contrives to be an independent kingdom and to form part of an Empire at the same time. Even Bosnia and Herzegovina are peaceful and contented. It is from that side, however, that the future troubles of Austria will come. The two ruling races of the Empire are said to be very unwilling to extend the borders of the State further in the Balkan Peninsula. The Germans and Magyars who have now so strangely become friends have no interest in increasing the number of their Slavonic fellow-subjects, but they will probably have no choice. In the last crisis of Turkey's troubles they had to consent to the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The alternative was to allow a great extension of the power of Russia, which they both fear. In the natural course of events they will again be put in the same dilemma before very long. Turkey certainly takes an unconscionable time in dying, but the doctors seem agreed that it cannot last much longer. And then there are many who are interested in helping it to make an end. When the end comes it will bring on great trouble for Austria. There is a large party at Vienna which is known to be favourable to that Slavonic element in the Empire which the Germans do not love and the Magyars both hate and fear. Many Hungarians have threatened to separate entirely from the Empire if they are made to run the risk of being swamped by the Slavs. And Austria's difficulty will be Italy's opportunity. At present that country shows a shrewd sense of the advantages of being on the stronger side, and forces its professions of friendship on the ally of Prince BISMARCK. But they are not answered with equal effusion. It is an excellent thing to play with the cards on the table, but then they must not be packed; and the cards of Italy are packed. Austria and Germany are obviously a little afraid of an ally who is so astoundingly free from scruples, and so injudicious in its offers of help. The price which Italy is said to demand for its valuable assistance is more than Austria can be expected to give. If Trieste and the part of the Trentino not as yet incorporated into the Italian kingdom are given over, then Austria may rely on being allowed to take what she can get out of the spoils of Turkey, unmolested at least by Italy. It is a very pretty arrangement, but a little too suggestive of the ingenious amateur diplomatist. Austrian statesmen are not likely to value greatly an ally who offers assistance which may turn out to be worth very little, and who is sure to be untrustworthy, in consideration of a great reward to be paid in advance. They will be more disposed to rely on themselves and on the friendship of Prince BISMARCK, who may not be more scrupulous than the Italians, but who is interested in their success. In that case, however, they know that Italy will fall on them as soon as she sees an opening.

It is unnecessary to look for hidden political motives in the EMPEROR'S visit to Trieste. The wish to be fêted by his subjects on an interesting occasion is quite motive enough; but the Austrians will probably not object if the visit is understood by Italy to be a polite way of asserting the intention to maintain the existing relations between Trieste and the rest of the Empire. The large majority of the people of the Adriatic provinces, who do not sympathize with the schemes of military deserters who attempt to liberate Trieste with ORSINI bombs carried about in carpet-bags, will doubtless enjoy the visit of their Sovereign all the more from knowing that it will receive some such interpretation. Austria has been a very favourite object of denunciation from liberators of one kind or another of late years. But people who are not enthusiasts in the sacred cause of securing to every handful of barbarians the right to enjoy anarchy in their own way, know that the power of Austria is the best security for peace and good government in Eastern Europe. Whatever its sins may have been in the past, it is now the most truly Liberal State on the Continent. It is the interest of all Europe that it should be strong and prosperous. The EMPEROR himself enjoys well-earned respect and popularity. It is to be hoped that the loyalty of his subjects in Trieste will be made sufficiently manifest to put a stop to the offer of embarrassing and impudent bargains from the less reasonable part of Italy, and still more to the scandalous warfare of intrigue and cowardly murder which is carried on by the Irredentist conspirators.

#### THE TRADE-UNIONS CONGRESS.

THE annual meeting of the Trade-Unions Congress has, as usual, been anticipated by flourishes of affected admiration and confidence. Writers in the *Times* and other papers announce with suspicious enthusiasm the supposed removal of the uneasiness with which the Trade-Union organization was once regarded. It is now apparently the fashion to believe that the objections raised by political economists were unfounded, and that the Unions have either accepted the conclusions of the science or enriched it with discoveries of their own. In the present day, as at the time when complimentary dedications were offered to noble patrons of literature, adulation attends upon power. The Unions or their leaders have often shown their ability to derange industry, and their members exercise considerable influence in elections. If it is undignified to eulogize force as soon as it becomes formidable, it is idle to protest against the exercise of legal rights. It would be unjust, if it were not impossible, to revive old laws against trade combinations; and it is probably useless to expose the erroneous doctrines which are propagated at every Trade-Unions Congress. The partial similarity between the proceedings of the Unionists and those of the Social Science Congress which holds its session at the same time has naturally attracted notice; but, if disquisitions on the miscellaneous subject-matter of social science are dreary, they are also comparatively disinterested and impartial. The meeting at Nottingham is occupied with the supposed interests of the whole community. The delegates to Manchester, with cynical candour, confine their attention exclusively to the benefit of their own class. The list of topics to be discussed includes not only restrictions to be imposed on employers, but projects of all kinds for conferring real or imaginary benefits, at the expense of the rest of society, on those who live by manual labour. The Land Laws, the constitution of juries, and the administration of justice, are, in the opinion of the managers of the Congress, to be modified for the purpose of raising wages or of insuring to offenders who may happen to be workmen immunity or judicial favour. The return to Parliament of a larger number of representatives of the Unions might seem to rest with the operatives themselves.

Like all democratic bodies, the Unions incline to extend the province of legislation in restraint of freedom of contract. The Employers' Liability Bill, though it was promoted in the interest of workmen, already causes dissatisfaction, because employers have thought it expedient to effect the same object by voluntary agreement. But for the elasticity of the measure, consisting in the power of escaping from its operation by special contract, it might probably have rendered impossible the prosecution of some industrial undertakings. The experiment of legislative compulsion will be tried, if the present agitation succeeds, with the possible result of great injury to the interests of labour; yet it cannot be denied that, in endeavouring to obtain an advantage at the expense of employers, a Trade-Unions Congress is transacting the business for which it is assembled. It is possible that some of its practical suggestions for the prevention of accidents by boilers or in mines may deserve attention. The demand for the appointment of workmen as inspectors of mines or factories has been suggested or encouraged by the action of the HOME SECRETARY. The objections which may be raised by the advocates of competitive examination will probably be over-ruled when patronage is revived for the benefit of the new privileged class. The competency of workmen for such posts is doubtful; nor would it be an unmixed advantage that they might in some instances be experts. The duties of an Inspector are to a certain extent judicial; and workmen, if they were strictly impartial, would be stigmatized as deserters from their order. The result of a prosecution against an owner or manager, instituted by a Mining Inspector before a Unionist jury, would not be doubtful. There is no reason to believe that the jurymen who are impanelled under the present law are prejudiced against workmen or in favour of capitalists. Any dissatisfaction which may be felt is probably caused rather by the due administration of the law than by prejudice or injustice. On this question democratic agitators urge at different times two opposite grounds of complaint. The practical exemption of the richer part of the community from service on petty and common juries is denounced as an unjust privilege by the same party which demands that manual labour shall be represented on juries.

The temporary Chairman recommended the Congress to avoid discussion of party politics; but the limitation seems to be compatible with proposals for extending the franchise, with strong expressions of opinion on the subject of Parliamentary procedure, and with demands for the alteration of the law affecting land. In other words, no political questions of the time are exempt from the meddling of the Trades Congress. The connexion between the interests of factory workmen and the laws which permit the settlement and entail of land has but recently been discovered by theorizing agitators. It is obvious that the inhabitants of great towns, if the land of the country were equally divided among the population, would be incapable of cultivating their rural allotments. For this reason demagogues have generally failed in their attempts to excite the cupidity of artisans by invidious descriptions of the accumulation of landed property in the hands of aristocratic owners. Some years ago a great orator expatiated in vain to the workmen of Scotch manufacturing towns on the baneful existence of vast deer forests in the Highlands; but shrewd Glasgow weavers could not be persuaded to covet barren plots of mountain pasture. It has consequently been necessary to suggest some other pretext for objecting to the present distribution of land, and Trade-Unions economists have proved themselves equal to the occasion. Their disciples are now informed that the competition for employment in skilled labour is stimulated by the pressure of aspirants from the country, who can find no occupation in cultivating the soil. It is assumed with reason that the production of the same crops would require a greater number of hands if the land were split up into petty freeholds occupied by the owners. The supply of labour to the towns would consequently be diminished, with the supposed result of raising the rate of wages. The increase of population is left out of consideration; and the advocates for the subdivision of land forget that one of the first conditions of an increase of wealth is the reduction or continuance at a low level of the amount of labour required to produce a given result. Whatever may be the merits of the general controversy, the distribution of land concerns factory workers more remotely than almost any other section of the community. The motives which induce the Unions to intervene in the discussion are almost entirely political.

In the United States, where, as a result of economic causes, land is largely subdivided, and for the most part cultivated by freeholders, the associated workmen appear to be more discontented and more strongly bent on revolutionary remedies than in England. With singular audacity German and Irish immigrants concur in the demand for the exclusion of foreign competition in labour, as well as in all other commodities. It is true that they profess for the present to confine their objections to the importation of labour by means of contracts concluded in foreign countries; but the agitators must be aware that they are equally exposed to competition with immigrants who offer their services to capitalists without any previous bargain. English Trade-Unions are compelled to submit to the competition of Irish workmen, and they have no other immigration to fear. They have also, by a fortunate accident, been brought up in the true economic faith of freedom of trade; nor have any of their recent teachers inculcated the foolish device of an irredeemable paper currency. The American agitators may perhaps do a service to English workmen by illustrating the extravagances to which Trade-Unions may tend when they associate themselves with political factions. The managers of elections in many States are already engaged in the exciting task of manipulating for their own purposes the malcontent workmen of the so-called Labour party. The English Trade-Unions will, if they engage in political agitation, find themselves in the condition of humble allies of the Caucuses and their directors. They are more peaceably, if not more beneficially, engaged in the promotion of the supposed interests of their class. The opinion of the Unions and their leaders on the Settled Estates Act, or on Parliamentary procedure, is of the smallest possible value, though even erroneous opinions, when they are backed by votes, may be practically important. The extension of the franchise is somewhat less remote from the professed objects of the Unions. The most extended constituency will be most disposed to promote special legislation and to discourage freedom of contract.

## DR. PUSEY.

FIFTY years ago England seemed ready to withdraw its confidence from an ecclesiastical Establishment oppressed in too many directions with dignity which it mistook for security, and thus by its own mistake impotent to grapple with the spiritual difficulties of a century in which civilization was producing wants which religion was vainly struggling to meet. The masses were indifferent, and those who wished to serve the Church found it careless or unwilling to provide occupation for the scholar, the missionary, the poet, the metaphysician, the artist, the historian, the nurse and comforter—for any one, in short, who had good gifts which it was at his choice to carry to the sanctuary or to squander in the market-place. Now we have in our country a spiritual organization whose title-deeds are recognized as going back to the very beginnings of English social life, and which is now a marvel of the world in its renewed youth, for the length and breadth and depth of its sympathies; for the matchless daring and multiplicity of its enterprises, at home and in every quarter of the world; for the minuteness of its solicitudes, and for its singular gift of attracting the willing labour, not only of its ministerial order, but of that vast body of laity, both men and women, amongst whom it exists and for whom it dispenses its privileges. Of this quiet revolution the central, and approximately the earliest, agency was the unaided action of a few devoted Oxford men; and of these the one from whom the popular name of the movement was borrowed has just passed away in peaceful old age. Of course, even among the Tractarians of Oxford, Dr. PUSEY did not stand alone. There was then by his side his contemporary and survivor NEWMAN, who was, in fact, at first the energizing spirit of the movement; there were KEBBLE, now a name of history, and HURRELL FROUDE, whose early death seems to have been the extinction of a career of rare promise. Outside of resident Oxford, too, were found HOOK, Dr. MILL of Cambridge, and many more. Still the movement, particularly after Mr. NEWMAN had been lost to the Church of England, presented itself to the popular apprehension as "Puseyism," and in the peculiar gifts of Dr. PUSEY ample explanation could be found for the choice by outside caprice of an appellation for revived High Churchmanship which to the last he himself protested against and rejected, alike from modesty and from his antipathy to any imputation of sectarianism. The popular imagination is slow to grasp a movement, particularly a religious one, except as the following of a definite leader. This is definite, and saves trouble, for it leaves nothing to be explained. Any one can talk of Lutherans, or Calvinists, or Jansenists, or Wesleyans, or Irvingites, though there are few who would not be puzzled if suddenly called on to define their dogmas. To be sure the Church of England itself, at the period of the Reformation, was a signal exception to the general rule, as it went into the crucible the Church of England and came out the Church of England. But in most cases the law holds good; so busy bystanders, in need of some leader after whom to designate that band of wizards under whose incantations the English Church was changing its identity, with a most provoking contempt for the interference of outside criticism could think of no one but the ascetic, affectionate, high-born, and deeply-read Professor at Oxford; the man whose speech was so thrilling, his writing so profound, his personal influence so electric.

More than most men who have played a prominent part in affairs, Dr. PUSEY will leave behind him a very insufficient presentment of himself in his writings. In fact, with him the volume of thought was always outrunning the power of giving it form, and his style became involved. Yet, if we were called upon to define precisely what it was that needed to be supplied, we should have to acknowledge that our inability to give a precise definition was actually the explanation of the insufficiency of the presentment. Dr. PUSEY's peculiar power rested in the combination of qualities not always found in the same person with equal intenseness, and quite incapable of reproduction at second-hand, either by himself or any one else. In him were united a deep conviction of the value of precise dogmas and an overflowing charity, while a full belief in the cause of which he was the champion, and the conviction of his mission to uphold it, never clashed with his marked personal humility and diffidence. His very hesitations of speech would be attractive, for they seemed to place the pupil somewhat on a level with the instructor. The spec-



tacle, too, of unsparing labour in the single cause of religion carried on into far old age and even to the end, without repining, without shirking, without seeking help which he had the right to claim, without egotistical boasts of dying in harness, irresistibly impressed all who could appreciate the inner life of the student Professor.

So it came to pass, as years went on, that Dr. PUSEY, whose name at one time provoked fierce antipathies, and was too often assailed by scurrilous abuse, gradually became one which his countrymen loved and were proud of, whether or not they agreed in his opinions. They felt that a man so absolutely self-sacrificing and holy was an honour and blessing to his time and country. No one was ever less of a popularity-hunter than Dr. PUSEY, and we very much doubt if he even appreciated or thought of the change which had come over the popular mind in regard to himself. All he knew or cared for was his duty and his faith, and these he went on obeying and serving day by day and year by year till past fourscore, and for more than half a century, bearing the yoke of definite work in the same distinguished post of grave responsibility to which he had been named while GEORGE IV. was King, and the duties of which at the instant of his death he was preparing to fulfil in the coming University term.

#### THE LODGER FRANCHISE.

THE new difficulty which has arisen in the Registration Courts as to the lodger franchise is a fresh illustration of a grave defect in modern English legislation. Last year, it may be remembered, it was suddenly discovered that, by the operation of a statute confessedly not supposed or intended to have any such result, all lodgers who were not in actual receipt of immediate services from their landlord or his servants—that is to say, the vast majority of the lowest class of tenants of unfurnished rooms—were occupiers, and, as such, entitled to a vote. The discovery occasioned immense glee in certain Radical minds; and it was said, of course with a certain exaggeration, that manhood suffrage had slipped into the Constitution. The view, however, which was taken by some revising barristers, and which was supported by the judges before whom it first came, was not adopted by the Court of Appeal. Even as it was, a considerable extension of the franchise was the result; but the extension was limited by some reasonable guards. If, it was held, a landlord himself resided in the house, or if he maintained any porter or other servant there, the tenants were lodgers; but, if the building was left to the tenants' unrestricted control, they were householders. This was in itself a reasonable distinction, and it was made out by a sufficiently clear comparison of statutory definitions. But as it was perfectly evident that the result had not been in the least contemplated by the Legislature, which, indeed, had supposed itself to be dealing with quite a different matter, the judges, according to a tradition of the English Bench, which likes to show its independence, indulged in some very uncomplimentary comments on the Act of 1878, which was the cause of the trouble. They also indulged (which is also in accordance with judicial habit, though it is more dangerous), in some fancy illustrations of the absurdities to which it might give rise. Lord Justice BRETT, in expressing his contempt for this statute, put the case of a tenant whose fellow-lodger gave up his rooms, the said rooms not being immediately relet. It is law (this is not disputed) that in such circumstances the unlet room is supposed to be in the occupation of the landlord. Thus, though neither landlord nor landlord's servant might have resided, the fact of a room or set of rooms having continued unlet would at once change the remaining occupants of the house, be they many or few, from occupiers into lodgers, would necessitate claims as such being made to secure their votes, and would introduce the element of value which exists in the lodger, but not in the householder, franchise.

This point, it must be remembered, was not before Lord Justice BRETT at the time of his delivering his opinion on it. But it is not the less a judicial expression, though not a judicial decision; and it is evident that in a matter where hairs are so diligently split as in registration questions the seeds of future trouble lay in it. In few lodging-houses of the lower class, and probably in none of the larger lodging-houses which are becoming more and more

the fashion, is the tenancy of all the rooms uninterrupted throughout the year. Accordingly, at the Registration Courts now being held, vast numbers of householder claims have in different boroughs been objected to on the ground of temporary vacancy. In some cases the agents have been cunning enough to forestall the difficulty by making double sets of claims for their clients, one as occupiers and one as lodgers; but in others this has not been done, and in some instances at least it could not be done, because of the ten-pound limit in the lodger franchise. But not only has there been this difference, there has also been a difference of opinion among the revising barristers themselves as to the force to be assigned to Lord Justice BRETT's incidental declaration of his opinion of the law. At Plymouth some thousands of names were struck off in consequence of the reviser holding the objection to be fatal; at Chelsea the objection was pooh-poohed as a merely speculative dictum; at Westminster it was first admitted and then rejected, the revising barrister having changed his mind on the subject. Cases have, of course, been granted in these instances, and the point will come on for regular judicial decision. But it is curious that the reflection which seems to have been suggested to at least one critic of the matter is that, if Lord Justice BRETT's view is upheld, "it will be necessary for Parliament to revise the Act 'under which the question arises.'" Considering the original facts of the case, and supposing them to be in the mind of the writer of this sentence, a most odd view of the duties of Parliament exhibits itself as existing in the minds of certain Radical politicians. The Act of 1878 was by common consent passed by the House of Commons and accepted by the House of Lords under a profound misconception. Sir CHARLES DILKE, who had charge of it, represented it as a mere declaratory and amending measure, intended in no way to widen the franchise, but merely to facilitate its acquisition by those to whom Parliament had already granted it. Nor does the onus of its enactment rest on a clever Radical politician only. The Government of the day was a Conservative Government, and had ample power to prevent its passing had it so chosen. But its harmlessness was warranted by Tories and Radicals alike. Indeed, its caretaker himself does not seem to have suspected its hidden powers, and it was not till last year—three years after it passed, and a year after the accession of a Radical Government to power—that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, either in the exercise of his own undoubted acuteness or prompted by some one else on whom the happy discovery had dawned, instigated the claims which led to a new introduction of flesh and blood into the electorate. To an ordinary politician it would seem that after a blunder of this kind the only thing to be done would be to confine its operation to the strict letter of the law. But to the Radical observer it seems natural that, as Parliament while intending to keep a door shut has set it ajar, the only thing that Parliament can now do is at once to set it wide open.

The matter would be of less importance if it did not illustrate, as has been said, a growing danger of modern legislation. Sessions are choked with this great measure or that, and legislation of all sorts has to give way to it. But ever and anon—it may be by adroit management, it may be by sheer accident and the force of circumstances—Bills slip through Parliament without anything like sufficient criticism, and even without any very exact comprehension of their meaning. There has been some exaggeration in the comments made on the Married Women's Property Act of this last Session, and many of the provisions which have been dilated on as startling novelties have been actually in force during the last dozen years. But there is no doubt that its actual range and probable results were never sufficiently appreciated either within or without the walls of the House of Commons until it had become law. The Act of 1878, which has caused the disturbance on which comment has been here made, is a still more glaring example of the same thing. Here is a statute whose effects are almost equal to those of a new Reform Bill, and which is so ambiguously drawn that its exact purport occupies the courts of law year after year. It not only passes with hardly any difficulty and without the least comprehension of its real meaning, but it sleeps placidly for several years before any one thinks of what it does mean, and proceeds to put it into operation. Perhaps the really surprising thing is not that there are so many of these smuggled statutes, but that there are so few of them. The opportunities for getting them through the House of

Commons are much more numerous than might be supposed. The day after a great political fight, when every one is talking and thinking of it; a Saturday sitting, when at the tail of some routine business a stage may be snatched, as was done for the Cornwall Sunday Closing Bill at the end of the late Session; a convenient opportunity in the small hours, when an obedient and sleepy quorum has been got together to vote Supply, or something of the kind, and when the regular obstructors are by some accident absent—these are the golden moments for legislative smuggling. A great deal of indignation has been expended on the practice of indiscriminately blocking Bills, and no doubt there is something to be said against it. But there is at least this to be said for it, that it provides a rough but not ineffective check, in some cases at least, to haphazard legislation. Of such legislation the Act under which these registration disputes are possible is, and is likely to remain, perhaps the most remarkable on record.

#### THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.

ON Saturday last the Mexican Congress was opened by the PRESIDENT with a Message in which he congratulated the country on the great increase in the revenue, which now amounts to six millions sterling and leaves a surplus. It is rumoured that he added that the Government is giving careful attention to the re-establishment of the national credit. This, however, rests only on the authority of private telegrams, and we must wait until the mail arrives to know whether it is true. But in the meantime the rumour has had the effect of giving a stimulus to speculation in Mexican bonds, which were driven up to 27½. When it is borne in mind that since it won its independence Mexico has had more than two hundred revolutions; that it has ten times made compositions with its creditors, and that it has not paid a penny of interest on its debt since the overthrow of the unfortunate Emperor MAXIMILIAN, cynical people may be tempted to think that the shrewd speculators of the Stock Exchange are more confident than is generally supposed, or else that they have an unbounded faith in the credulity of the general public. But, whether Mexico is or is not suddenly about to turn honest, there can be no doubt that it has made great material progress during the past two or three years. This is partly due to the general revival of all raw-material-producing countries, and partly to the greater stability of the Government. It is some considerable time for Mexico now since there has been a revolution, or even a rising, and the producing classes have therefore been able to enjoy the fruits of their industry. But perhaps the main cause of the progress made is the influx of American capital and American enterprise. When the mania for railway making revived in the United States three years ago, it was decided by certain syndicates to push their systems into Mexico. Accordingly, they obtained numerous concessions from the Mexican Government, and they have actually set to work upon some of the lines. Of these the most important by far are two, both leading from the city of Mexico to the United States frontier, the one in a north-westerly direction to El Paso del Norte, and the other in a north-easterly direction to Lerido. At these points the lines join on to the American network of railways, and thus will bring the capital of Mexico into direct railway communication with New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans. A considerable portion of both lines has already been constructed, and it is expected that both will be completed in about twelve months' time. It will then be possible to go from New York to the city of Mexico without breaking the journey, and the results both political and economic must be immense.

It is well known how great is the influence of railway construction in new countries. Railways give a value to lands which were valueless before, because they open up to the occupiers markets previously inaccessible, and allow settlement to be pushed forward into regions formerly uninhabited. This, of course, is going on at present in Mexico; and, besides, the expenditure of American capital in the country is very considerable. Large numbers of men are employed upon the works, and there is also a considerable outlay upon the material used. In addition, there are multitudes of American contractors, engineers, foremen, and the like, with their families, all

of whom spend liberally in the country. The immediate effect, then, is to circulate an unusual amount of money; to raise wages; to create a demand for produce; and generally to stimulate trade. And it can hardly be doubted that when the railways are completed, the effect must be still greater. The large cities of the United States will afford markets for Mexican produce, and thus a new motive will be afforded for Mexican industry. The bankers of New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco will lend to the great producers in Mexico, just as they lend now to the Southern cotton-planter and the Western corn-grower, and they will thus make Mexico commercially tributary to the United States. The Mexicans who get credit will be obliged to consider the tastes and wants of the United States purchasers; they will cultivate to suit the American markets; and gradually they will imbibe American ideas and American modes of life. It is not to be doubted, too, that Americans will settle in the country in large numbers. The inexhaustible silver mines will attract many; the beauty of the country will attract others; its fertility and undeveloped resources will attract still more; and with the arrival of American settlers a new impetus to progress and industry will be given. Moreover, Mexico will be suddenly brought into the European system. The scenery of the country is second to none in the world; and wealthy tourists will be able in a couple of weeks to proceed from any part of Europe to Mexico. It will be as easy, in fact, to get from London to the city of Mexico as it now is to get from London to San Francisco. American tourists in large numbers are sure to go southwards. In all these ways there will be an influx of new ideas and new wealth and new modes of life which cannot fail to have an immense effect upon the country. In another way, too, the construction of these railways will have an important influence on the country. They will give employment to large numbers of American managers, station-masters, overseers, and railway servants of all kinds. They will consequently necessitate the settlement of Americans all along the lines, and will thus give a kind of security for the maintenance of order. The great American capitalists who have embarked in this business, with General GRANT at their head, are not likely to sit tamely down if they see their property endangered by rebels or by mutinous soldiers. The whole influence, therefore, of the American capitalist world will be used to maintain order in the country, and, if need be, the Americans employed along the line will enforce respect for the property entrusted to their care. All this is doubtless foreseen by the speculators to whom we have referred, and it is one of the causes of the speculation which has been going on for a year or more. Indeed it is said that the chief speculators are Americans, and that they are gradually getting the Mexican bonds in their hands. If this be so, there can be little doubt that they mean to use them to coerce the Mexican Government, and oblige it to conform to their will. Whether it be so or not, however, the price of Mexican bonds within about two years has risen 250 per cent. It is certain that this rise could not have been sustained were it not generally believed, both in Europe and America, that American influence would be asserted in Mexico, and would ensure more orderly administration than that country has hitherto known.

When the railways are open the relations existing between Mexico and the United States must necessarily undergo a change. Even if the Government at Washington desires honestly to respect the independence of the Mexican Republic, the rulers of Mexico must feel that it holds its independence at the will of its great neighbour. Were the United States to seek a quarrel, they could pour any number of troops required into the country by means of the railways. Mexicans will soon recognize this fact quite as well as Americans, and when once it is recognized the people of Mexico must feel the necessity of obeying every serious order given them from Washington. As they would be helpless to resist when the Washington Government is in earnest, they would have no option but to yield. Before the Pacific Railway was made, BEIGHAM YOUNG was able to defy the United States; but the instant it was completed, he felt his powerlessness. The same feeling will be experienced by the Mexican Government. Whether settlers from the United States pour into Mexico in such numbers that they will gradually get the ascendancy, and, as happened in Texas, be able to vote Mexico into the Union, or whether the two countries remain separate, in a very short time Mexico must become



virtually dependent upon the United States. That this will be for the advantage of the Mexican people there can be no doubt; order, good government, and material prosperity will be ensured thereby. That it will also be an advantage to the world in general cannot be questioned. The more prosperous Mexico is, the more it will be able to contribute to the well-being of the world. That it will be advantageous to the United States is more doubtful. The United States are already large enough, and every accession of territory makes more and more difficult the maintenance of the Union. When accession of territory brings with it also an alien population and an inferior race the difficulty will be increased manifold. Of course it is not to be assumed that annexation will take place; but, even without annexation, the dependence of Mexico upon the United States may prove very embarrassing to the latter, and may not improbably lead to the adoption of a policy which will be little consistent with its existing institutions..

#### SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Association meets this year at Nottingham with the triumphant sense that it has gone on holding Congresses for twenty-five years in spite of the unbelieving people who assert that it is of no particular use. It has performed that feat, and now thinks not unnaturally that "it may not be uninteresting, nor without profit, to recall to mind the circumstances under which our Society was originated, and to cast a retrospective glance at its labours and their results." This it proposes to do by the publication of a little book very appropriately adorned by an exceptionally hideous photograph of Lord BROUGHAM. The circumstances under which the Society was originated are perhaps dismissed a little too summarily. A mere statement that a meeting was called at the house of Lord BROUGHAM, and a National Association for the Promotion of Social Science formed, certainly leaves something to be desired as a complete account of the rise of that remarkable body. To exhaust the subject, we should like to be told how all England came to sit at the feet of Lord BROUGHAM, and to be seized with a passion for amateur discussions on things in general. The results of these labours are more amply set forth. A cursory examination of the Association's little book will show that its Committees have sat on almost all the social and political questions of the last quarter of a century, and have not only discussed them, but have made representations or expressed strong opinions. In many cases it has been found that measures recommended by these Committees have been incorporated into Acts of Parliament. If the Association thinks that the united wisdom of the country has been largely influenced by its recommendation, there is no great harm done. There are much more offensive things in the world than the vanity of the fly on the wheel. It is, on the whole, a harmless thing that a number of people should find amusement in discussing every possible kind of question which can be discussed; and in all probability the Association will live to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, and will call it a jubilee, and publish a bigger book, with an engraving, instead of a photograph, of Lord BROUGHAM. If it is unhappily to cease to meet, it will scarcely be for want of people ready to listen and still more ready to talk. The danger which threatens the Social Science Association is that in this specializing age we shall come to have separate Congresses for each of the innumerable subjects at present open to the discussion of this one. The extraordinary persons who find pleasure in meeting to talk about reforming the dress of women are going to have a special Congress and hold a little saturnalia of decorous indecency. Time was when they would have been satisfied with forming a sub-section of the Social Science Association.

The inaugural address of Mr. HASTINGS, who spoke in the double character of founder and president, roamed about after the manner of such discourses. He gave his hearers a definition of political economy which has a curious air of being a quotation of the opening of that little-known work MILL's *Principles*, and then showed that, though the truths of that science are excellent in theory, they are not to be rashly carried out in practice. He "narrated in some detail the history of the English "Land Law," and so gave the reporters an opening for

judicious compression. This great subject was introduced by the President to illustrate the importance of the Settled Lands Bill, which filled the greater part of his speech. It is no doubt sweet to have one's work appreciated, and Lord CAIRNS will hear with pleasure that "it may be doubted whether any greater revolution, legal or social, has been accomplished" than the one which will be produced by this Bill. To find anything like it we must go back to "the thirteenth century and the middle of the seventeenth, to 1290 and 1660, to the reforming legislation of EDWARD I. and the Restoration statutes consequent on the sweeping changes under the Commonwealth." Concerning the working of Acts of Parliament it is particularly wise not to prophesy unless you know, and the knowledge is so hard to get that it would have been more prudent for Mr. HASTINGS not to be so confident about the effects of the Settled Lands Bill. The President's comments on the past contain some striking historical views. It shows a commendable respect for the wisdom of our ancestors to credit them with sound economical reasons for suppressing the monasteries. Englishmen felt the truths of political economy instinctively, according to Mr. HASTINGS, and spoiled the Church because its lands could not be made "the subject of transfer." No doubt the desire to make the Church lands a subject of transfer had a good deal to do with the suppression of the monasteries, and it is perhaps most respectful to the ancestors of so many of our old nobility to suppose that they promoted the exchange from the loftiest scientific motives. Mr. HASTINGS is surprised that the landowners who had succeeded in freeing themselves from the feudal oppressions of the knights' tenures should have immediately begun to tie their own hands by means of entails; and yet he gives a very satisfactory reason for it himself. It was, he points out, due to the strong desire of the nobles and the country gentry to provide some security that the folly of one head of the house should not cause the land to pass from their families. As long as the same feeling endures it will probably be found that settlements continue to be made, and that nothing will prevent them, except the compulsory division of all inheritances, which we do not find to be one of the things strongly recommended by the Social Science Association. Mr. HASTINGS's high admiration of the Settled Lands Bill is partly due to his belief that it will cut the ground from beneath the feet of the people who entertain the "nationalization" and other similar crazes about the proper way of settling the ownership of land. He shows, we conceive, a too facile belief in the pliability of believers in crazes of that kind. Does Mr. HASTINGS think that the virtuous persons who three centuries ago longed to promote the transfer of the Church lands would have been satisfied with a law authorizing the monasteries to sell their estates, always excepting the monastery building unless by consent of the Court of King's Bench, as long as they invested the proceeds for the benefit of future monks? King HENRY's courtiers were not men to be satisfied with so little, and neither are the philosophic and socialist reformers of our time. From the Settled Lands Bill he passes, after brief praise of the Married Women's Property Act, to considerations on the wisdom of making things pleasanter for the farmer. What exactly the farmers are to have done for them we do not learn, beyond that they are to have security for the capital they invest in their farms. It is not easy to see what the law can do for them more than can be done by the present pressing need of landowners to find solvent men ready to rent their land. At the present moment the market is apparently in the hands of the farmers, and they can settle the haggling to their own advantage.

It is sufficiently typical of the kind of work the Social Science Association does, and of the way in which it does it, that while Mr. HASTINGS discusses the Settled Lands Bill at length, and grows eloquent over the necessity of something higher than political economy to teach people their social duty, he makes only a very passing reference to the necessity of providing good houses for the poor. That is a matter which might be illustrated by discussion at the Congress with considerable profit. Up to the present time, very little has been done in the matter with a great deal of parade, and with no doubt the best intentions. Rookeries are pulled down and the inhabitants expelled, only to be worse crowded in those which remain. Mr. HASTINGS refers, with pardonable pride, to the good work which has been done by the Worcester School Board in

compelling all the children within its reach to learn their alphabet, and that is very good as far as it goes. Unhappily, if children are to return from the school to the sort of home provided for the poor in most of our cities, it will not go very far. It is no longer necessary to argue with the people who believe in the corrupting influence of education. The tendency now is all the other way. There are still thousands of people who believe in a theory almost as foolish as that which asserts the blessings of ignorance. It is tacitly, if not openly, taken for granted that a knowledge of the three R's has in itself some tendency to make a boy honest. It is hard to realize the process of reasoning by which some people have contrived to persuade themselves that because a lad can do a sum in simple addition he will be proof against squalor and indecency, and the many temptations which surround the poor in our great towns. The prison returns simply prove that the spread of education is marked by a steady increase in the percentage of criminals who can read and write. The most pressing necessity is not to teach more of them, though that will do no harm, but to make their lives more decent, and that could be done well enough if it were undertaken in a more businesslike way than it is at present. But, because it is a mere matter of business, the Social Science Association and other persons who love general discussions on first principles leave it carefully alone. It is, no doubt, agreeably modest in Mr. HASTINGS to point out to the Association at Nottingham that all the reforms made in various matters during the last twenty-five years have not been due to it alone. The warning was quite unnecessary, since it does not in the least matter whether the Congress thinks more or less absurdly too much of itself. He would have done both it and the public more service if he had impressed on his hearers the merit of keeping to practical matters, and not wasting valuable time in dissertations on social philosophy and curious inquiries into the cases in which it is justifiable to interfere with freedom of contract. "The credit," says Mr. HASTINGS, "which we can claim is that we afford a free and fair arena, without 'class or sectarian exclusiveness, to all who have something to teach, or anything to learn, on the wide 'questions affecting the social welfare of the people.' That is just what the critics of the Social Science Association complain of. The questions discussed in its friendly and impartial arena are so very wide.

#### PAU AND THE VAL D'OSSAU.

THE carriage road from Luz to the Val d'Ossau returns down the Gorge of Pierrefitte to Argelès. Here the road to Cauterets turns off to the west. Cauterets lies in a basin, surrounded on all sides by mountains, at an elevation of more than three thousand feet above the sea-level. There are twenty-three sources or springs of very evil-smelling and tasting sulphurous water, very beneficial in diseases of the throat and vocal organs, but so strong that they are said to be hurtful, and even dangerous, to persons who take them without medical advice. This, however, seems to be a peculiarity common to all mineral springs; at least so the doctors established at each several station invariably tell their patients. Here to Cauterets in the sixteenth century came Margaret of Navarre with all her attendant train of courtiers, poets, savants, and musicians. Here she wrote her "Heptameron," and enjoyed roughing it in the mountains; but the roads were so bad that some of her suite narrowly escaped being drowned in crossing the flooded Gave on their way thither. Cauterets now vies in fashion with Luchon and Eaux Bonnes. There is hardly anything of a town, though a flourishing crop of hotels has sprung up; but so great is the concourse of visitors in the height of the season that a party arriving unexpectedly, and without having engaged rooms beforehand, may seek a night's lodging in vain unless they can content themselves with such miserable quarters as boot-cupboards, cellars, or outhouses, which the innkeepers and lodging-house owners are in the habit of improvising into bedrooms when they have a sudden influx of customers.

Half-way between Lourdes and the Val d'Ossau lies Betharam. There is nothing to be seen here now but a "séminaire" and a picturesque bridge muffled in ivy. But, until it was cut out by Lourdes, Betharam, with its chapel to the Virgin perched on the top of a very steep hill, was among the most fashionable of pilgrimage shrines. And all up the pathway that leads to it the Stations of the Cross are represented by groups of sculptured marble figures, life-size, each group sheltered by a tiny chapel. But this rugged way, which not long ago was worn by the feet, and not unfrequently by the knees, of pilgrims, is now lonely and neglected. And with the influx of pilgrims arose the booths of the image and relic-sellers, who a quarter of a century ago were described as infesting the place and pestering visitors. They have

all disappeared from Betharam and gathered at Lourdes since the faithful have found that to be the spot where the favour of heaven may most effectively be sought and most easily obtained.

Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes are within half an hour of each other. They lie in separate valleys, one of which branches off to the right, the other to the left, from the head of the great Val d'Ossau. This valley runs up into the mountains, with the sharp cone of the Pic du Midi rising at its southern end. From this mountain the vale takes its name of d'Ossau, or the Bear; a name owing its origin to the number of the bears of which it was once the favoured haunt. The valley lies almost in a direct line south from Pau, and heavily-laden diligences, stuffed with passengers, tottering beneath a weight of luggage, run daily from that town to the two watering-places all through the season. But though similar in name and situation, these two bathing stations are totally unlike in character. Eaux Bonnes is proud of being called a "Petit Paris." Like Luchon and Cauterets, it welcomes only fashionable guests. It is a single street of tall town-like houses, closely ringed in by barren peaks. This street is thronged with fashionable loungers who seemingly care to see nothing beyond the street and the clothes on each other's backs, and are quite content to take their impressions of mountain scenery from the terrace of their hotel. The lodging-houses and hotels are crowded and the prices high; there are no points of any interest in the neighbourhood, and the life of the people is effaced by that of the bathers. It is, in fact, merely a place for loitering away the conventional number of weeks during which Parisians deem it a necessity of life to absent themselves from their capital.

Eaux Chaudes, where the waters are less warm than elsewhere in the Pyrenees, lies hidden in the depth of a gorge, the precipitous limestone walls of which rise so close on either side of the foaming torrent which divides them, that from the hotel windows it almost seems as if one could touch the rocks on the opposite side. Like Eaux Bonnes, the waters here are sulphurous; and, as there are no allurements for pleasure-seekers, it is the resort of invalids only. Eaux Chaudes can boast of a "grotte" that is a vast cavern worn by water in the limestone rock. As the natives are very proud of this, chiefly because Eaux Bonnes has no such freak of nature's handicraft to trade upon, no new-comer is allowed to escape without paying his respects to it. Seeing the "grotte" is a rather trying ordeal. Indeed, seeing it is an impossibility, for the huge cavern is so pitch-dark that it is impossible to see anything but the flaring torches and the faces of the guides who brandish them aloft by way of illumination. The roar of the torrent which dashes down the piled-up rocks at the further end, blending with the vociferations of the guides, together with the tension of nerve required to keep one's footing on the slippery plank that crosses the waterfall, the passage of which is a part of the programme impossible to elude—the guides never failing to heighten the sense of danger by assurances that the water may rise without warning, fill the cave, and drown the whole party—keep up such a strain on the attention that it would be impossible to note any natural phenomena, even if there were any worth noting. When one thankfully breathes again the outer air, the sudden escape from the damp chilliness, the din and the darkness, seems to add sweetness to the sunshine which steeps the valley in its silent flood.

All through the summer night the valley is musical with the pastoral sound of tinkling bells, for through it lies the direct route to the best mountain pasture of the district; and, to avoid the fatigue of trudging along under the full blaze of noon, the flocks and herds are driven up to it by night. It is well worth while to follow them. The carriage-road stops at Gabas, the nearest village to the Spanish frontier. Here there is a tidy little inn, where a good luncheon may be had, and horses or mules can go further by a rough track, the latter part of which is a genuine staircase; and whoever endures to the end of it finds the great plateau of the Bioux Artigues lying at his feet. This Elysium of all the grazing kind stretches away southwards, covered with verdure green as only grass can be that has been snow-shielded all winter. This is the goal of the cattle pilgrimage, and it is thickly peopled by herds of kine and troops of horses, enjoying life thoroughly as they wander there at will. From the eastern side of the plateau rises the steep summit of the Pic du Midi. It is a divided cone of perfectly barren rock, so steep and slippery that even the snow slides off it. To scale this cone is considered an exploit worth boasting of, and, as irons have been fastened in the rock in the most risky places, the ascent, though difficult, is not dangerous. It is also possible to be conveyed on mules from this point to the Spanish Baths of Panticosa; but the expedition is a very toilsome one, and, as the life of Panticosa differs in nothing from that at the French bathing-stations, there is little inducement to incur the fatigue of going to it.

With Eaux Chaudes the excellent carriage road, the Route Thermale, that connects all the bathing-stations, comes to an end, and a driving tour therefore naturally must come to an end here too, though travellers who trust to their own feet, or those of a quadruped, may pick their way further westward. From Eaux Chaudes or Eaux Bonnes it is a day's drive to Pau. Rebenac, which lies about half way, is the most convenient halting-place, and it has a tolerable inn. The country between the mountains and Pau is hilly, but rich and well cultivated. Pau itself stands on a sort of plateau, looking towards the mountains across the Gave, which flows at the base of the hill, and has by the time it reaches Pau been swollen by tributary streams into quite a large river. The best view of the town



is to be had from its bank. The castle crowns one of the hill-tops and the town the other, and they are connected by a bridge thrown across the ravine which divides them. An enormous hotel, built in the style of a French château, stands so conspicuously in the forefront of the town that it might easily be mistaken for the castle; however, the latter is easily identified by the great square tower, which is unmistakably the old donjon or keep. It stands at the eastern side, and looks now like a mere appendage to the more modern building. Up the sides of the hill the many-shaped roofs of irregularly-built houses rise, tier above tier, piled up in a picturesque medley of gables, tiles, and chimneys to the terrace. The chief streets and best shops lie on the other side of the town. Like all towns set on a hill, Pau has the disadvantage of being only accessible by a steep and difficult ascent, which, coming at the end of a long day's journey, is doubly trying. To get into the town the road passes up the ravine or hollow which divides the two summits of the hill, and which is much such a cleft as is called a "gate" in the Kentish cliffs. Arriving from the south, one drives under the bridge which connects the terrace and the castle. A few minutes more, and amid the deafening whip-cracking and shouting with which Pyrenean guides and postilions make it a point of honour to announce their arrival in a new place, the horses strain up the steep street, and arrive simultaneously on the hill-top, and at the door of the hotel. Pau is now essentially a season place, and, as is very fit in a town that lives by the presence of strangers, the best site in the town is devoted to their accommodation. Several spacious showy hotels are built fronting the wide terrace which runs along the crest of the hill. Thus they have all their best rooms, with that Southern exposure so precious to invalids, as well as all the luxuries and appliances for easy living summed up under the generic name of English comforts. Of all the health-resorts of the South of France, Pau comes nearest to Cannes in the contest for English popularity and favour. Pau has some advantages over its rival. Being built on a hill-top, the drainage is naturally better, while the old town has a substantial business-like air about it, quite unlike the mere street of nomadic traders that takes the place of a town in the Riviera resorts. It has, too, the great advantage of being an older and more finished place. Thus there is not the risk of a whole crop of villas suddenly springing up to spoil one's favourite haunts, nor is there the incessant building going on on all sides, with the dust and noise inseparable from it, which at Cannes has become such a nuisance. Living in a half-built town is much the same as living in a half-ruined town. The same air of discomfort seems to pervade them both, and after all, if one sees nothing but half-finished walls, without roofs or windows, the effect is much the same, whether they are being put up or are tumbling down. Of course in natural beauty Cannes has immense advantages; the colouring is brighter and purer, and the vegetation much more foreign to English eyes. Then it has the never-failing charm and beauty of the sea, if only the sea were free from pollution. But, as things are, every one shuns the sea, and the sea beach, which ought to be the public promenade of the town, is too disagreeable and unhealthy to be frequented with impunity. The public promenade at Pau is the terrace. Here the band plays, and invalids bask in the sunshine drinking in the pure air from the mountains and enjoying the beautiful view. From this standpoint the whole range of the Pyrenees lies before them, its jagged outline standing out sharply against the southern sky, bounding a middle distance composed of the irregularly-shaped, verdure-clad hills, on the slopes of which are cultivated the vines which yield the white wine of the district, the strong, sweet Jurançon. Another privilege of the people of Pau is the enjoyment of the King's Park. There is not much about this pleasure-ground that accords with English ideas of what a park ought to be. In fact, the name is quite a misnomer. It is really a long reach of wood shaded by large, well-grown trees, probably dating from the days of Henri Quatre. So still is the atmosphere that the withered leaves here sometimes remain on the branches all through the winter, not falling till the young spring shoots come to push them from their places. The stillness of the air is one of the peculiarities of the climate. Invalids may dwell at ease, free from the dread of the all-searching mistral, that bogie of the Riviera. Nor has the atmosphere here the exciting, irritating effect upon the nerves which is so noticeable at Cannes and Nice. It is much more soothing in its influence, and some people find it rather relaxing and depressing; in fact, the difference of climate between Pau and the Riviera is as marked as that between Brighton and Devonshire.

The park was originally the hunting-ground of the château, from which it is divided by just such a ravine with a bridge thrown across it as divides the château from the town. Everything about both the château and the town bears the stamp of Henri Quatre; the very wine of the district round bears the name of this popular monarch, whose memory is held in as much veneration as if he were a patron saint. He certainly has more claim to be remembered with gratitude than most patron saints, for it was the good luck of being his birthplace that gave Pau a lift in the world, and raised it to be a place of any consideration. For it had not even the prestige of being the ancient capital of Béarn, a dignity which belonged to Morlas. All the other children of Jeanne d'Albret had died in infancy, and the only wonder is that the little Henri did not follow their example, if the legend be true which tells how the old grandfather rubbed garlic upon the lips and poured Jurançon wine down the throat of the new-born babe that he might grow up a true Béarnais. To train him up to be

hardy was his mother's great desire, and on the road from Lourdes may be seen the ruins of the castle where he spent his childhood, roaming barefoot about the hills with the peasant children. Admirers of the hero may here speak of going on a pilgrimage to his cradle literally as well as figuratively, for the tortoise-shell in which this scion of the Bourbons was rocked to sleep is still the most prized curiosity of the castle. The building itself has not much beauty to boast of. The dark square keep at one end is balanced by two smaller square towers at the other, while between them stretches as a connecting line the modern château, a building in the favourite French style, that gives the impression of being all roof and windows. There are in reality six towers, put up at different times, from the keep of Gaston Phoebus to the latest addition of Louis Philippe. Gaston Phoebus, the famous Count of Foix, inherited Béarn from his grandmother Marguerite, daughter of the last Viscount Gaston VII. Constance, the elder sister, was married to the Count of Armagnac; but as he had refused to stand by his father-in-law in a quarrel with the King of Navarre, Gaston called together the estates of Béarn and Bigorre and required them to choose which of his daughters should be the heiress. They were unanimous in declaring for Margaret, and thus Béarn and Foix became united. Until this time Morlas, which lies in the Landes ten kilometres from Pau, was the capital of the State, but Gaston Phoebus built a castle at Pau, though he continued to hold his court at Orthez. It was there that Froissart visited him, and was much struck with his magnificence. In fact, he was looked on as a model of what a knight should be. He had travelled through many lands, and had fought with foes far and near and of every degree—with the Pagans of the North in far distant Scandinavia, with his noble neighbours at home, and with the low-born Jacquerie of Paris. However, he had not attained to that ruling of his own spirit which the wise man declared to be the greatest victory of all. His own son was one of the victims of his hasty temper. The poor youth owed his death to a well-meant desire to stop the quarrelling of his father and mother. His uncle gave him a love-potion that was to have the desired effect, if he could induce his father to take it. This potion was poison; and Gaston, suspecting his son of trying to poison him, slew him with his own hand. In spite of this, he was held to be the wisest, the most courteous, and most magnificent prince of his time. But it was not till the reign of Gaston XI., the fourth in succession from Gaston Phoebus, that Pau, in the fifteenth century, became the headquarters of the Counts. He enlarged the castle and laid out the park, improved the town and increased its privileges. He married Léonor of Navarre, and it was through her that the kingdom came to his descendants. There was some strange fatality by which the male heirs of both Béarn and Navarre were cut off. Over and over again might the lament, "It came wi' a lass and it will gang wi' a lass," have been applied to these States. In 1484 the heiress married Jean d'Albret, and on his death Ferdinand the Catholic, who coveted the little corner that spoilt his plan of a united Spain, laid violent hands upon the kingdom. Henri d'Albret, the son of Jean, inherited only an empty title, but he managed to win back the part of his kingdom which was called La Basse Navarre, lying on the French side of the Pyrenees. His queen was the clever, witty Marguerite de Valois. At Pau she held her court, one of the most brilliant centres of the letters and learning of the day, and there every shade of intellectual or religious belief found a welcome. Clement Marot and Jean Calvin were two of the most known among her *protégés*, for though she did not openly declare herself a Protestant, she was always inclined to favour the Reformed doctrines and their preachers. Again Navarre was to pass to an heiress, for the only son of the Queen died in infancy, and left Jeanne, the only child. Her uncle, Francis I., being fully alive to the duty of preventing Navarre passing into an enemy's hands, took possession of the child and, to the great indignation of her parents, kept her a close prisoner in his strongest castle, for fear she should be married by stealth. At twelve years old he married her to the Duke of Olevés, but on this prince joining Charles V. he annulled the marriage, and gave the hand of his niece to his kinsman Anthony Bourbon. So it came to pass that her son became king of the larger kingdom into which his mother's little State was finally absorbed. But till 1620 Pau kept its rank as a capital. In that year Louis XIII. made its Parliament register an edict uniting Béarn and Navarre with France, and the Catholics were reinstated in possession of the churches that had passed out of their hands. This was not done without a rising of the opposite party, but the taking of Rochelle made the Protestants lose heart, and the Béarnais resigned themselves to becoming French. The centre of the château is occupied, French fashion, by a court, from which opens the principal entrance. The walls around it present a curious mosaic of fragments of masonry of all kinds and eras, where every possible form of window may be studied at leisure. Within there is nothing worth notice except the celebrated cradle, a curious clock and chest, and a few other pieces of Renaissance furniture. As Pau is out of season when the Pyrenees are in season, it is of course seen at a great disadvantage when taken at the end of a Pyrenean tour. After Eaux Bonnes, with its overflowing hotels and fresh cool breezes, the want of life and the almost intolerable heat strike one all the more forcibly. But the town is never quite so deserted as Cannes. Most of the hotels keep open on the chance of picking up stray comers, and the beauty of the site, as well as the historical associations, makes Pau well worth visiting even in the sultriness of August.

## WANTED—A LITURGY.

WHEN Mr. Walter White, some quarter of a century ago, wrote that pleasant *Monk in Yorkshire* which has sent so many pedestrians to the biggest of English counties, he recorded that one day in the district of Cleveland (then not so eaten up of ironworks as it is now) he came across a station on the North-Eastern Railway which had a curiously deserted appearance. He asked a rustic what it was, and received for answer, "That's Mr. Pease's station, made for himself, and not for other folks." Time has passed, and Mr. Pease has become Sir J. Pease—though, indeed, without a narrower scrutiny of the genealogy of the Pease family than we care to institute, we are not prepared to say that the possessor of the station which puzzled Mr. White and the maker of a remarkable speech at Hutton last Monday are one and the same person. For the credit, however, of Sir J. Pease's intellect, it may be trusted that his utterances on that occasion were not as the station was—that they were "made for other folks and not for himself." If the sentiments reported as uttered by Sir J. Pease were really made for himself, and not for the special use and behoof of the Liberal Association of Whitby, his visitors, then indeed is their speaker a very remarkable person. That Sir J. Pease talked of little else than Mr. Gladstone is only saying that Sir J. Pease is a Liberal member of the present Parliament. But not even Mr. Horace Davey, on the memorable occasion when he declared that the Prime Minister was the Pillar of the People's Hopes, reached such sublime height of half-articulate flattery as Sir J. Pease. He began by the statement (unfortunately one of rather double meaning to ears profane) that "for the past few years they had been following a great leader whose gigantic intellect seemed almost beyond comprehension." This left-handed compliment was followed by a full-length portrait of Sir J. Pease's idol. "In Mr. Gladstone they saw a man whose wonderful memory assisted him night after night in debate; a man whose extraordinary constitution had supported him in the most troublesome times; a man whose marvellous eloquence had not only excited the enthusiasm and patriotism of the people, but had astonished the civilized world." From portrait-painting Sir J. Pease diverged to history. "When Mr. Gladstone came into office," it seems, "the army was wandering up and down in the wild regions of Afghanistan." The object of this curious divagation was "to destroy a friendly Power, and bring us nearer to that uncertain and unknown frontier which existed to the north of India." From Afghanistan Sir J. Pease went to Africa, and from Africa to Ireland, and he dutifully repeated what the Home Secretary and his other leaders had told him to say. Then he reached Egypt. "He had not voted for the grant for the Egyptian war, because he had a horror of all wars." But it appeared that Sir J. Pease is not horrified when "his friends, Mr. Childers and Lord Northbrook, show that they could send out an army equipped on very short notice." This seems to be a taking pleasure in the evil thing in which Quakers should not indulge. The speaker should have wept, and not crowed over the "horrible" conduct of his friends. Then Sir J. Pease became critical. "Some of their friends in the neighbourhood had gone over to the Tories, but they had hardly thought of what they were doing. There was a great wave of democracy coming, and it was wise of those who had great estates and great power to lead that wave for good, rather than to attempt to dam it for evil." That Lord Zetland, and others like him, would retort that it was more honourable, and wiser to boot, to dam that wave for good than to lead it for evil, does not seem to have occurred to Sir J. Pease.

However, nothing is further from our intention than to complement such a consistent and intelligent speaker with a detailed examination of his political views, if persons like Sir J. Pease can be said to have views. The only thing that is interesting in his speech is the exordium of adulation with which it begins. This is now absolutely necessary in a Radical speech, and its acknowledged necessity gives rise to some thoughts. We are sure that on reflection Sir J. Pease must see that it was a doubtful compliment to say of a man that he has such a gigantic intellect that for the life of them other men cannot make out what he is about. It was either a bad compliment to Mr. Gladstone (may we be pardoned for hinting such a thing), or else it was a very bad one to the gigantic intellects of Sir J. Pease himself and of the Whitby Liberal Association. A plain man of old-fashioned Liberal principles, let alone a Tory, might be inclined to prefer leaders whom he could comprehend, and even to think the following of leaders whom he could not comprehend a somewhat servile and unmanly proceeding. Then comes the remarkable portrait of the Prime Minister, which seems to have been composed in the school of Dogberry. The Whitby Liberal Association is *ex hypothesi* composed of Yorkshiremen, and Yorkshiremen have the credit of not being fools. We should like to poll them, and ask whether this picture of the Premier as a man of intellect, look you, and a fellow who can remember what he has said, go to, and of as pretty a constitution as any in Messina; ay, marry, and what is more, one that hath made the civilized world gape—whether this counterfeit presentment has not just the least touch of the grotesque in it? There are more ways than one of astonishing the civilized world, and the possession of a strong memory is surely, though a very valuable and excellent quality, not one absolutely confined to heaven-born statesmen. Then there is the item of the extraordinary constitution. How does that look from the point of view of "next-morning" criticism? The seven Bishops were acquitted, on the au-

thority of Lord Macaulay, because of the unanswerable argument of one of the jury, who said, "I am the biggest and strongest of you, and I will sit till I am a threadbare before I find a verdict of guilty." Sir J. Pease's ideal of a Prime Minister would appear to be constructed on the same lines as the ideal of a jurymen suggested by this legend. After such unskilful, but undoubtedly sincere, genuflections to the idol that Caucus the King hath set up, it is of course not surprising to find that, though Sir J. Pease has a horror of all wars, he can keep a little corner of pride and satisfaction for Mr. Gladstone's own private and particular war. In that once more he only follows his party, who have arrived at such a pitch that their chief objection to a Te Deum for Tel-el-Kebir would probably be found, if accurate examination could be made, to lie in a notion that the recipient of praise and thankfulness is wrongly named in that office. We never pass Mr. Wyon's shop now without expecting to see a medal with the legend "Afflavit Gladstone et dissipati sunt" surrounding some neat prostrate Egyptians in commemoration of Sir Garnet's victory. However, there is the less need to dwell on this because we happen to agree heartily with Sir J. Pease's satisfaction, though not quite so heartily with his reasons for it. The point on which we must insist is the gross and almost ludicrous inadequacy of his praise of his divinity considered from the literary point of view.

The truth seems to be (and it is recommended to the most serious consideration of the Radical party) that it is quite time that a Liturgy of Mr. Gladstone were got up for the use of the oratorically weaker vessels among his adorers. Religiously speaking, those adorers are not wont to affect set forms of laudation; and the sect with which Sir J. Pease is ancestrally connected likes them worse than any. But let them only consider what discredit is done to Mr. Gladstone, what a handle (as on the present occasion) is given to his blasphemers by these well-intentioned but clumsy attempts at extempore praise and glorification. A stereotyped form would at least save him from such laudations as that he has a good memory, and can sit up till all is blue—still more from the well-intended but fatal admission that it is impossible to make out what he would be after, and that all Europe is in a chronic state of astonishment at his performances. The loss of unction would surely be compensated by the acquisition of dignity. A Committee should be appointed to draw up a Book of Praise (Lord Selborne will, of course, officiate as chairman) for the special use of Radical members of Parliament who have not the tongue or the pen of the adroit panegyrist. Sir William Harcourt, whose unvarying veneration for Mr. Gladstone is only equalled by the felicity of the terms in which he has always given vent to that veneration, would doubtless lend a hand, and for the more ornate and metaphorical passages Mr. Horace Davey is indicated beyond the power of competition by the remarkable tribute already quoted:—

Pillar of the People's Hopes!  
Greater than all kings and popes,  
Joining with assurance bland  
Quaker's lips to Jingo's hand.

But we are not authorized to publish any more of the hymn, of which Mr. Davey only gave the people of Christchurch the first line, and which will doubtless figure at length in the new Liturgy.

The advantages of the issue of such a formulary are so obvious that they hardly need enforcement. Mr. Gladstone will be much more fittingly praised; and as praise of him is becoming more and more the Alpha and Omega of Radical oratory, that is a point of some importance. The labour and endeavours (too often unsuccessful) of the faithful will be spared, and this is another gain; for Mr. Gladstone—a merciful man—cannot wish the Sir J. Peases of the world to overtask themselves. "He loves not to see wretchedness o'ercharged, and duty in its service perishing." Besides, it will be a great convenience for the reporters. "After reading Form X, Collection N, the speaker proceeded," &c. A man of strong memory (and, just as in old days all courtiers limped when the king was lame, so it behoves all Gladstonians to be men of strong memory now that Sir J. Pease has noted this gift in their leader) will soon be able to dispense with the book. A Gladstone Society can be formed to read the Liturgy in common, and to wind up with interesting debates on such points as how Mr. Gladstone did and did not call Lord Grey an old woman, or the difference between a recommended agent and an agente raccomandato. And, lastly (not to wear a jest threadbare), the book would be a priceless legacy to a future age, which, without it, and unless it grubs in newspapers, will hardly believe or understand what the singular epidemic of clumsy and grovelling flattery prevailing in the last quarter of the nineteenth century actually was.

## RESULTS OF THE FRENCH CENSUS.

THE campaign of 1870 only revealed to the eyes of the world the great change which for more than half a century has been taking place in the position of France relatively to the other Powers of Europe. During a great part of the last century France had some claims to consider herself the greatest nation in the world. She had, for those days, a vast population, an extensive territory, and a fertile soil; while she was surrounded by countries of comparative insignificance. Spain was in decay; Italy was split up into a number of petty principalities; Holland was a small confederation of provinces; Prussia was only just coming



into existence; Russia was barely emerging from barbarism; and Austria was too far away, too unwieldy in constitution, and too heterogeneous in population, to be a really formidable rival, while she had also to guard against the hostility of the Turks. And, lastly, England was then a very small country. All this is now changed. France, instead of being among the greatest of Powers, which could be resisted only by a coalition, is now in respect to population the fifth only of Christian nations. Russia has a population of from ninety to a hundred millions; the United States, at the last census, had a population exceeding fifty millions; Germany a population of over forty-five millions; Austria-Hungary a population of 37,837,000; while the population of France, according to the corrected table published a few weeks ago by the Minister of the Interior, is only 37,672,000. Lastly, the population of the United Kingdom exceeds thirty-five millions. It will be seen that the population of France is largely exceeded by that of Russia, the United States, and Germany, and very slightly exceeded by that of Austria-Hungary. The difference, however, in the latter case is so small that France and Austria-Hungary may roughly be said to be equal in population; while the United Kingdom follows closely behind these two, with a population barely two and a half millions less. But what is much more significant is that the population of all the countries we have mentioned is growing more rapidly than that of France. We find, for example, that the population of the United States is growing at a rate exceeding a million a year; while in the last census period—that is, between 1871 and 1881—the population of the United Kingdom grew at a rate exceeding 10½ per cent.; in other words, there was more than 1 per cent. added every year to the population of the United Kingdom. In France, on the contrary, during the five years 1876–81 the whole addition to the population was only 766,260, or but a little over 2 per cent.; that is to say, the French population is not increasing half as rapidly as that of the United Kingdom. If the same rates of progress are maintained for the next ten years, the population of the United Kingdom will be increased by about 33 millions, while the population of France will be increased by only about a million and a half. Practically, therefore, in 1891 the population of the United Kingdom will be equal to that of France, and, of course, the population of Germany will have far outstripped France. France must always remain a great Power because of its wealth, of its admirable soil and climate, its central position, and the ingenuity of its people. But henceforward it does not stand in the first rank of great Powers. It will be overshadowed not merely by such colossal nations as the United States and Russia, but even by the United Kingdom and Germany; and if we add to the United Kingdom its colonial and other ultramarine possessions, of course there will be no comparison possible in the two cases.

It is suggested by some inquirers into this subject that the great wars at the beginning of the century have lessened French vitality, just as the Thirty Years' War had a similar effect on Germany; and that even yet a generation or two must elapse before France recovers from the results of her exhaustion. This is a theory, however, to support or refute which there are no sufficient data. But other causes can be found enough to account for the stationariness of the French population. Since the close of the Napoleonic wars the French people have been ardent in their pursuit of material comfort. The vast majority of the population consists of peasants with but small holdings, and, consequently, slight means of amassing fortunes; but since the end of the last century their standard of living has risen immensely, and they are decidedly averse to lower that standard again. Accordingly the peasants marry late in life, and are unwilling to burden themselves with large families. Their unwillingness is strengthened by the desire to leave their children as well off as themselves. With large families of six or eight or ten children, the peasants with a few acres of land would probably be compelled to sell those acres and to become day labourers. They are reluctant to do this, and they are equally reluctant to send out their children as soon as they reach a competent age to earn wages as labourers. They desire, therefore, to bring up only as many children as they can hope to leave in as good a position as their own. If they cannot put them in a better position, they will not leave them in a worse. Whatever may be the cause, the old love of adventure which once characterized the French seems to have died out. A little more than one hundred years ago it was doubtful whether France or England would have possession of the American continent. The French colony of Canada and the French settlements in Louisiana and along the Mississippi and Ohio at one time pressed the English settlements along the Atlantic coast very closely, and there was a moment when the English victory seemed to hang in the balance. Even later still the French contended energetically for the dominion of India. But, whatever may be the explanation, the old love of adventure has apparently died out, and Frenchmen have ceased to emigrate and found colonies. Even Algeria, of whose conquest Frenchmen are so proud, has failed to attract French settlers in any numbers; and Frenchmen rarely go to foreign countries, however promising may be the career they offer to the new comer. They do not even settle in any large numbers in commercial positions throughout the world as Germans do; indeed, with the exception of the French colony in Egypt, it may almost be said that the French have ceased to settle anywhere abroad, though they have not ceased to covet and annex territory which they are

unable or unwilling to occupy. This helps to increase the unwillingness of French parents to burden themselves with large families. If young people were ready to emigrate, as they do in the United Kingdom and in Germany, there would not be the difficulty of settling them in life which is now experienced. But when every child has to be provided for at home, and when at the same time parents are unwilling either to lower their own standard of living or to start the young people less advantageously than themselves, the disinclination to burden themselves with large families becomes insuperable.

We have said that the new census shows the increase of the population during the last five years to have been only 766,000. This is a somewhat larger increase than was alleged in the preliminary statement issued immediately after the census was taken. It appears from a note appended to the Minister of the Interior's Report to the President, that errors have been discovered in the first calculations, and that the increase is really as much as has just been stated. It is, however, a serious matter to observe that the increase is smaller than during the preceding five years—that is, the five years that immediately followed the Franco-German war. Apparently the war gave a stimulus to marriages and to births; but the stimulus seems to have worn itself out, and not only do the last five years show a less growth of population than the preceding five, but the last two years show a falling off from the preceding three. Indeed it is calculated that, if the rate of increase of 1880 were to be maintained in future, it would take more than four hundred years to double the population of France. Practically, therefore, we may say that already the population is stationary, and if the present tendency continues, it will soon actually begin to diminish. About thirty departments out of the eighty-seven already show a decrease, and amongst those are some of the richest departments in France, as, for example, Calvados and Charente. Five-sevenths of the increase, or exactly 561,869, is due to the increase of the large towns having thirty thousand inhabitants and more. The increase in the case of Paris is 280,000; Marseilles, 41,000; Nice, 12,000; Lille, 15,000; Lyons, 33,000, and Havre, 13,000. And, moreover, this increase is entirely at the expense of the rural districts of France. The tendency, then, so observable in England, and to a lesser degree in the older States of the American Union, is apparent in France also. The population of the rural districts is either stationary or decreasing, while the population of the great towns is increasing. Apparently the richness and variety of the life of great towns, the opportunities they offer for getting on in the world, and the attractions they hold out to pleasure-seekers, are drawing to them the surplus population of the rural districts in France as elsewhere. Possibly, also, the very unwillingness to sink in the social scale which is checking the growth of population generally is driving numbers from the rural districts into the towns. Enterprising young men who think they are able to carve out a career for themselves prefer to take a little money in their hand and seek their fortune in the towns, rather than settle down upon the farm and divide the scanty inheritance with their brothers or sisters. But still the urban population in France is very small for so great and so rich a country. Excepting only England and the United States, France is undoubtedly the richest country in the world. Manufactures there have of late made great progress; and yet the aggregate population of all the towns having thirty thousand inhabitants and more is under six millions, or only between a sixth and a seventh of the total population of France. The agricultural depression that has so long prevailed, the failure of crops, and, above all, the *phylloxera*, have doubtless during the past five years stimulated migration to the towns.

#### SAFETY IN NAMES.

DAMNED BAREBONES is not such a name as would commend itself even to the parents of a family which approached the Ahab-like proportions of an Eastern potentate, or of a Mormon elder with five or six score of wives sealed to him. The name is only the shortened form, it is true, of that which Praise-God Barebones gave to his son; but If-Jesus-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebones does not appeal to the finer feelings to any appreciably greater extent. The desire for pretty names is not confined only to actresses and adventurers. With them it is, no doubt, a necessity of their calling. Mary Ann Bodgers would find her name a very heavy handicap in the part of Juliet. De Courcy Montmorency St. Barbe would be much more likely to impose upon people than plain Jonas Huggins. Yet they are not alone in their predilections. All over Europe people give their children pleasant names as far as the naming system of the land will allow it. In the East parents are not generally troubled with the civilized encumbrance of surnames, and therefore are absolutely at liberty to call their children what they please. But in Farther India they take very great care to avoid pretty names, and to choose, if not always the ugliest appellations available, at any rate those which are as colourless as possible. This does not arise from any very strong perception of the often-quoted Shakspearian line, nor is it prompted by a fear that the children might be led in after life into bad courses through the too great burden of a fine name. No name, however pleasant in sound, confers upon its bearer any particular advantage, as far as worldly

matters are concerned, in the far East, unless it be among the clannish Chinese. On the other hand, a most indubitably repellent style may be of great service to its possessor, if not all through his life, at any rate in his early years. When a Siamese calls his infant daughter Ai-mua, "Oh! what-a-Pig," he has no thought of the effect the appellation may have in keeping away fastidious swains when she grows up to be a young lady, perhaps with the fascinations of a Princess Badroulboudour; when the Burman names his first-born son "White Monkey" he may possibly reflect that if the boy grows up to be at all a sturdy fellow, his name may lead him into frequent quarrels, which will not always end in the bloodless chatter and verbal abuse of the foul-mouthed Madras; and when the Cambodian entitles his child "Clumsy Lout," it is not because he has any malevolent feeling against his own offspring. Every one of them is perfectly conscious that the name is an unpleasant one. It is not a mere question of peculiar national feelings, such as the matter of odours. What a European would consider rather a fragrant smell, the Chinaman turns his nose up at with emphatic disapproval, while a Celestial sweet scent is denounced in the most uncompromising fashion as an intolerable stench by the red-haired barbarians. This question of nomenclature is not a parallel case at all. The unimaginative Siamese is perfectly aware of its objectionable character when he selects the common name of Ueng for his infant daughter; the Cambodian chuckles with gratification over some particularly uninviting title he has hit upon against the naming day; the Burman feels quite happy when he has dubbed his boy "Bad Grandfather." All of them cold-bloodedly select the name because it seems disagreeable. There is no malice in the matter at all; on the contrary, it is due to parental fondness.

The reason lies in the old geniolatry which still has a strong hold on the Turanian races. Buddhism is in every case the national religion, and is thoroughly accepted by all the people. But none of them have lost the old fear of the spirits—the deprecatory worship of the demons of the air, the earth, the water, the Nats of the clouds, the mountains, the lakes, rivers, and forests, and even of each individual human being. The holy brethren of the yellow robe denounce the superstition, but it cannot be eradicated from the minds of the great mass of the people; and many of them are far more regular in their offerings to the Nats than in their visits to the pagoda. The most prominent point in the belief is the notion that the spirits are always on the watch for human beings to destroy, and naturally find the youngest the easiest to get hold of. To escape, or at any rate to provide as far as possible against this danger, these ugly names are given to the children on their birth. The notion is that they are thus made contemptible to the demons, and by so much the less likely to become the objects of their evil designs. When the bad spirit hears the Siamese call his child Ai-ma, "That-dog-there," or the Burmese mother croon a lullaby to her daughter Kway Yoh, "Dog's Bone," he, like the muddle-headed old scoundrel he is, comes to the conclusion that the babies are very inferior specimens and not worth the meddling with, and so he goes off somewhere else.

If such unlovely names are a safeguard, it of course follows that it is in the highest degree dangerous to give such appellations as Thongkam, "Golden Splendour"; Sambun, "Superfluity of Excellences"; Min Gyaw, "Celebrated Ruler"; Htohn Lin, "Dazzling Light." The over-fond parents of such children are likely to pay a heavy penalty for their rash pride. The demons are attracted by the names, and, if they do not make away with the children at once, watch over them with persistent malevolence. Sometimes parents are so fond of their family that they cannot bear to gibbet them with such hideous designations as would ensure their safety, and then they adopt a middle course. They select names which, without erring on the side of too much attractiveness, are yet not altogether repulsive. They try to hit the balance between the two extremes, and so we have such Siamese names as Kham, "Beautiful," or Malai, "Flower"; and the Burmese Meht, "Affection," or Thin, "Learned." Master Beautiful may be very wicked, and therefore safe eventually to become a bad spirit himself; Miss Affection is quite possibly lamentably plain; Flowers are not all fair to see; and popular opinion is inclined to disassociate Learning and good looks. The course is, however, not without its dangers; for, if it does not expose the children to any special peril, it equally fails to protect them against those which are always present and threaten everybody. The roving demon coming across such a child, and finding no designation sufficiently definite to guide his mind, is led to form a conclusion of his own, which is almost always adverse to the subject of inquiry. Hence it comes that such children may as likely as not be afflicted with chicken-pox and other infantile ailments, besides such affections as are indefinite in their character, and can therefore be traced to no other source than the supernatural. Then the too-fond parents have to stifle their natural feelings, and do their best to make up for previous carelessness. The little sufferer is forthwith renamed. Friends are called in. The head of the child and the hands of the visitors are washed in the customary decoction of the bark of the soap acacia; trays of betel-nut are chewed, abundance of washy tea gulped down, and the little Miss Fragrant becomes Miss Crooked Pig, and pining Master Beyond Comparison is expected to regain his sturdiness under the appellation of Mr. Squinting Monkey, or Mr. Not-worth-a-Farthing. If he does not, it is naturally because the demon has got too firm a hold, and all the parents can do is to

be more cautious for the future if they should have any more of a family. This giving of repulsive names is especially common if the mother has had a still-born child, or one which only survived birth a short time. Then the least that can be done by an ordinarily prudent father is to call succeeding olive branches, if not by the very worst names he can think of, at any rate by the names of animals, with whatever adjectival and expletive adjuncts his conscience may consider judicious. In the case of still-born children the only reasonable supposition is that the sins of one or both of the parents in previous existences are working themselves out in this way, for it is seldom that demons are so rabidly malevolent as never to give a poor infant a chance at all. The character of the name is therefore a very imperative precaution in a family where any such misfortune has occurred.

The names are always considered degrading; so much so, that many as soon as they are grown up to years of discretion, when they are not quite so attractive to the Nats, and at any rate are better able to protect themselves, forthwith change their names, though this involves an alteration in the horoscope taken at their birth, and so renders that document much less valuable for purposes of calculation than it would have been had the original palm-leaf been retained. The horoscopes in such cases are always disposed of with very great precautions. After the new Sadah has been made out, the first one is tied up with a lock of hair and a few parings of the finger and toe nails. After a few mantras have been recited, it is carefully enveloped in many wrappings, fastened to a heavy stone, and sunk in the centre of the nearest river or pond. Then the newly-named person sends notices round to his friends of his change of style, and things go on as before. Should, however, such a fastidious person meet with any misfortune, or die of any illness shortly after assuming his new name, there is very little desire shown in the neighbourhood by any one to follow his example, for it must be sufficiently obvious to the most unthinking that he has, as it were, challenged the Nats to do their worst, and they have not hesitated to answer.

In Siam they carry the idea to an even greater logical extreme than in Burma. If you see a child under three years of age—after that period has been passed the danger is not so great—you must say to the mother, "What a hideous little brat." The woman may not be altogether delighted at the assertion; she would probably rather, on the whole, you did not say anything about her child at all; but she will be openly very grateful to you, for when the Phi hear such an announcement as that they turn away in disgust from such a nasty little creature, and the baby thrives correspondingly. If you were openly to admire the infant it would forthwith fall sick and probably die altogether. Hence it is that the majority of Eastern women are so unwilling for foreigners to look at their babies, not because, as is commonly supposed, white foreigners are all thought to have the evil eye, but because they are so recklessly injudicious in drawing the attention of the spirits to the little thing under the erroneous impression that they are civil and are pleasing the mothers. Burmese ladies are not quite able to stand this sort of thing. If you were to commence abusing the baby, you would probably soon be led to understand that the Burmese dame, of whatever class, is unapproachable in the matter of downright calling bad names. The spirits are not less dreaded, but this roundabout way of providing for the safety of the baby is considered superfluous, and therefore offensive. Nevertheless the teeth of dogs and pigs are often hung round the infant's neck to act as deterrents, and however much the mother may be pleased at your compliments about the child's looks, she will make great haste to propitiate the spirits of the house and the village as soon as your back is turned.

#### MID-AUTUMN.

**T**AKING it all round, there are not many pleasanter seasons in the year than the second half of the month of September. The easily contented man may even find London a very agreeable place of sojourn, especially if he is not constrained to stay there. It is probable that there have been showers enough to lay the dust, without those days of relentless rain that cover the crossings with seas of mud, while splashing the hapless pedestrian from the wheels of passing carriages. Those thoroughfares which are blocked while under repair are comparatively free from noise and bustle; and, if a man is obliged to make an occasional *détour* when driving, it is a matter of absolute indifference. For he can have no engagements more important than a visit to his tailor or bootmaker; and those tradesmen, although either absent on foreign tours or at the seaside, are ready, through their managers or foremen, to execute his orders promptly. Then he may dress exactly as he pleases, and saunter down St. James's Street to breakfast at his club in the easy liberty of the looziest of shooting suits. By the middle of September, in all human probability, his clubs have been swept and cleansed and garnished. Upholsterers, carpet-beaters, and whitewashers are gone; the ceilings are as bright as the plate or the window-panes; and the waiters have been freshened up by a brief holiday. The gouty old grumblers who, like Major Arthur Pendennis, stick by prescriptive right to the most convenient tables, and have a trick of securing the snuggest arm-chairs, are away for a course of the waters at Homburg or Buxton, or are inhaling the ozone at Folkestone or Boulogne. To all intents and purposes you are monarch of all you survey, and, with any number of obsequious



servants at your beck and call, can range like a chartered libertine among the daily and weekly journals. Though men will say that there is nothing in the papers now that the excitements of the Egyptian campaign are at an end, yet there is always something for the industrious gleaner, more especially if he has come from a course of short literary commons in Welsh mountain inns or some Scottish shooting-lodge. Yet though in a sense you may be monarch of all you survey, the solitude is by no means absolute or oppressive. There are members who are tied to town by their duties; members who are passing through on their way from one place to another; and members who have hurried back to town after a brief absence, and who honestly own, like the venerable Marquess of Queensberry, that they prefer it to the country in any circumstances. There is an agreeable element of surprise in these half-unexpected meetings. As travellers will accost each other when they meet in the desert, notwithstanding the anecdote to the contrary related by "Eothen," so, rather from courtesy than any actual craving for company, you draw to a gentleman with whom your acquaintance has hitherto been of the slightest. Each being somewhat flattered by the unwonted affability of the other, mutual confidence is quickly established. You arrange to dine together, and are joined by a third acquaintance who chances to drop in while you are discussing the bill of fare. The old proverb which asserts that "two is company, while three is none," is pleasantly falsified in this instance. The cook, hearing of this unfamiliar conjunction of connoisseurs, exerts himself to do his very utmost. The conversation flows all the more freely that you are gathered together from three different points of the compass; for one has been shooting grouse or stalking deer, another has been investigating the social aspects of Ireland, while the third has been scrambling among the snow peaks round the Engadine. The result is that you renounce your original idea of repairing at an early hour to yawn in a stall at the theatre. Instead of that, after a second bottle of excellent claret, you adjourn the animated palaver to the smoking-room; the winged hours steal by insensibly, and when you separate, you look back upon a lively evening, and may possibly congratulate yourself on having formed another friendship for life. Meetings of the kind can hardly happen during the Parliamentary Session or the season, when every man who cares to live in the world has more engagements than he can comfortably dispose of; when the dinners of society become a daily burden, and each fresh acquaintance is a weariness of the flesh. In short, London in the dearest season may be much more than tolerable, unless indeed you are tied within its circumference against your will, and are straining for the country like a greyhound in the leash.

But while we can dwell conscientiously on the brighter aspects of London, we own to a personal preference for the country in September. Then the sportsman finds many varieties of sport, while the hardy admirer of nature, in his researches after the beautiful and picturesque, may almost afford to set the worst weather at defiance; although, as we observed before, towards the end of September the floodgates of the heavens are likely to be opened but charily, even in the dripping Western Highlands of Scotland. To the north, and still more on the English and Welsh moors, it is true that the grouse have packed, and are hard to circumvent under any circumstances. But in Caithness and the higher mountains on the Ross-shire watershed, there is still fair shooting to be had; while elsewhere you may manage a satisfactory bag by improvising a rough and ready system of driving. For ourselves, we do not greatly care for driving, unless indeed we are enjoying the luxury of the sport on the Yorkshire uplands, where the fun and the firing become so fast and furious that it is impossible not to be carried away by the excitement of the hour. Yet driving, even when conducted in the most primitive fashion, must always have a certain interest of its own. The thrill of suspense may be carried somewhat too far when strings of birds, sweeping swiftly along before the wind, steer tantalizingly wide of your station on either side. But from time to time comes a moment of fruition, when often-deferred hopes have an opportunity of realizing themselves. Though knack may go for much, it can never be very easy to drop birds that are going by at about a hundred miles the hour. It is but clumsy work, "browning" the pack when it has passed you; and besides, the man who shoots into the thick of it at random and trusts to Providence is exceedingly likely to miss his mark. But when one has really made scientific allowance for the pace, and singled out the victims for the separate barrels, the thud of the bodies as they rebound from the heather is a welcome sound to the least sanguinary heart. Or, to come down from the bare moorlands to the stubbles, you ought to have the very cream of the partridge-shooting after the middle of September. The fields are cleared of the standing grain, and the partridges, only too well grown, are fully capable of taking care of themselves. It is true that we often sigh for the good old times when everybody shot over dogs with ample cover. Now, unfortunately, the scientific development of agricultural machinery with the advances in modern farming has changed all that. The wide wheat-fields have been shorn almost as smooth as a lawn-tennis ground; and farmers, following their private fancies or caprices, seem frequently to have renounced growing root-crops altogether. When the birds are flushed they may go half a mile or more before they can settle in any kind of shelter. But England, after all, is still a country of enclosures, with thick hedgerows and copses and occasional patches of open common. It is hard luck, indeed, if every

now and again you do not come upon a strip of standing beans or a tempting stretch of clover, or turnips, or mangel-wurzel. And then the sportsman is literally in clover, as he shifts his aim from right to left on the birds that are getting up about him singly or in couples. We have confessed that we are old-fashioned enough to like to see dogs cleverly working. Yet at the same time there is much sociability, as well as sport, in tramping a country in well-dressed line, with the retrievers following in order behind. Each man in the line is shooting in the open, with spectators on either side to applaud or condemn. Nor do we dislike a sprinkling of those running red-legged birds which many sportsmen and keepers would gladly exterminate as nuisances. We like to see them running before us in the drills; we like their habit of slipping over banks and rising before the guns when we least expect it; while there can be no question that the red-legged partridge is infinitely handsomer than his more soberly-plumaged grey congener. And not the least pleasant feature of the programme when a merry party is shooting in line is the luncheon that breaks the day's proceedings. We need say little of the perennial charms of English scenery, if the sportsman has thoughts or eyes to spare for them; though even the least susceptible of mortals can hardly fail to be struck or touched by the exquisitely framed little domestic pictures which so frequently force themselves on the view. The farmhouse in the hollow among its ricks and orchards; the ancient manor-house of which we catch a glimpse through the embosoming woods; the old mill among the willows and alders by the sluggish stream; the thatched roofs of the village cottages clustering round the grey tower of the church—whether the landscape be level or undulating, go where you will, there must be something to please the eye. Even the fenlands and the flats of the Eastern shires have beauties of their own; while in such wooded scenery as that of the home counties or Hereford, you revel in a paradise of coppices, orchards and hop-gardens, with wide-spreading, heavy-foliaged timber overhanging luxuriant hedgerows.

Or, if we had leisure, we might invite the reader to accompany us abroad at a season when the rush of tourists begins to slacken, and when the most favourite hotels have ceased to be overcrowded. The days have been steadily shortening, but still time enough is left to do satisfactory work between breakfast and late dinner. The mornings and the evenings may be a trifle too cool, at all events among the mountains; but that only serves to invigorate the frame, to brace the strength, and sharpen the appetite. The foliage here and there begins to change its tints, which adds immensely to the picturesque effect of the landscapes. And so the fascinations of mid-autumn may tempt you to prolong your tour till you are landed in the hectic brightness of the fleeting Indian summer, which warns us that all things mortal are doomed to decay, and that it is time to prepare for the grimmest of an English winter. And yet the winter, after all, has merits of its own, though its discipline may be rather severe and salutary than welcome.

#### TAYLORS AND DRAPERS.

THERE has been so much nonsense talked and written lately about Guilds that it is very difficult to arrive at bare facts. Everybody seemed to know all about the "Guild Merchant" at Preston, yet it was evident, if only from the union of trades which took part in the celebrations, that the chief actors themselves were profoundly ignorant on the subject. It would probably have been incredible to a citizen of the thirteenth century that the crafts of the town would in process of time assist at a meeting of the merchant guild. The lion might lie down with the lamb; but that the workman should be confounded in one common festival with his bitterest enemies, that would be too much. Yet in fact this is what has occurred. A guild merchant is a guild—so people argue now—and a guild is the same as a City company. So when a town holds a meeting of its guild, it is but right that the craft guilds should take part in it. It has not been revealed to them that the guild merchant is anything rather than a company, and that the craft guilds were instituted as much to oppose it as for any other purpose. The feuds between the town guilds and the craftsmen raged everywhere till the workmen combined in their own defence, and the contest was sometimes complicated by the interference of an overlord, who rather inclined to stir up than to allay the strife, as keeping both parties more effectually at his feet. Thus, at Reading, the abbot controlled the appointment of the "Keeper of the Guild Merchant," even after the town had obtained a Royal charter, and the keeper had become a mayor. It was not until the abbey was suppressed that the mayor became an independent magistrate. But though the guild merchant was thus freed, the crafts continued in subjection for centuries, and trade was crippled by the vexatious restrictions imposed on the lower class by the higher.

It was much the same in London, though here there was no overlord. The mere existence of a place of meeting called a "Guildhall" would go to prove, were any proof required, that the Corporation took its rise in a guild merchant. But at a very early period we find other guilds formed. The question how far these guilds were turned into the more modern Companies is much obscured by the assumption made in most historical books, that this conversion always took place. It is plain, however, when

we come to look into the matter, that there is no necessary connexion between the early guilds and the recent companies. The grocers, for example, though many of them no doubt belonged to guilds, met and formed themselves into a company in 1345, a proceeding wholly unnecessary if the grocers or pepperers' guild, which was in existence long before, had exercised any control over trade. It is very common at the present day, as every student of the subject finds to his cost, to talk as if the City companies and the City guilds were, or are, one and the same thing. It is, of course, possible to distinguish them too sharply, but, on the whole, this is better than confounding them. The only ancient guild, in short, of which we may say with certainty that it subsists until now, is the Corporation itself. So long ago as the time of Glanville the institution of mercantile guilds in cities is recognized. Writing in the reign of Henry II. he uses the phrase, "Communiam scilicet gyldam." Such communes controlled the destinies of York, Leicester, Preston, and other places, as well as London, before the end of the twelfth century. No one could become a freeman without admission by the guild at the Guildhall; and the City could confer freedom even on a serf if he had resided unclaimed by his master within the borough for a year and a day. As time went on, and the action of the guild was more and more controlled by the influence of a rich and oligarchical majority, the craftsmen, who were already in the habit of joining the semi-religious "frith-guilds" for purposes of mutual assurance, for masses, for compurgation and other similar ends, began to associate themselves for protection against the tyranny of the City guild. The craft guilds resembled strongly the modern trade-unions, and were openly and constantly at war with the Corporation. Among these early societies none was so large, so rich, or so powerful in London as that of the weavers. Cloth, it was said, was made here in sufficient quantities to clothe all Europe. The quarter in which the weavers lived and worked rivalled even that of the goldsmiths in wealth, as may be ascertained by the lists of tallages. They obtained some kind of charter from Henry I., in which it was ordained that no one should exercise their trade or calling in London or Southwark unless he belonged to the guild. This was confirmed by Henry II.; but on the establishment of the mayorality, the weavers narrowly escaped suppression. In 1202, the citizens—that is, the guild merchant—offered the King sixty marks if he would abolish the guild; but the weavers outbid the Corporation, and obtained fresh privileges, some of them of such a nature as to be inconsistent with the good government of the City. After long litigation a verdict was obtained against them in the reign of Edward I., and very soon after, on the enactment of laws for the regulation of the wool trade, the Weavers' Guild suddenly and unaccountably disappears, and from being a rival to the Corporation itself, it does not even rise to the dignity of a Livery Company. There is a Weavers' Company now, but it has no historical connexion with the old guild. At the end of the reign of Edward III., as Mr. Stubbs has observed in his *Constitutional History*, the number of the guilds had increased to forty-eight, but the weavers were not in the first class. Mr. Stubbs might have gone further, and said they were not in any class.

In order to account for the disappearance of this rich and ancient society at the very time when such societies were first making themselves known as powers in the civic commonwealth, it is necessary to search into the archives of several different companies. There is absolute silence on the subject in all the books of the London historians. Yet a few facts may be picked up here and there, and the old corporation of the weavers may be found to have resolved itself or been resolved by the higher powers into its constituent elements. We hear of tailors and drapers and other trades, but no more of the weavers. They had touched on one side the trade in linen, and on the other that in wool. The woollen drapers were naturally much divided in their interests from the "linen armourers," or, as we should say, shirtmakers, and both from the "shermen," the fullers, and the clothworkers. In short, the *telarii* seem mainly to have become tailors; and the other trades gradually separated themselves from the parent stem, until even the traditions of their origin were lost. This part of the history of the weavers is clear enough. The modern companies in many cases have published their histories. In other cases the work has been done for them. A *Drapers' Dictionary* ("Warehousemen and Drapers' Journal" Office) has just been issued, which gives particulars of all kinds, historical as well as technical, as to cloth, and how it is and has been made. But the history of the transition of the old guild of the weavers into the numerous companies of which it was the parent has yet to be written. It had subsisted through all changes and chances from the time of Henry I. at least, in spite of opposition and oppression. Yet under Edward III., who of all our kings most encouraged the existence of City companies, it is dissolved, while from its ashes rise the drapers, the clothworkers, and, above all, the linen armourers, of whose body the King himself became a member. Long afterwards, Henry VII. allowed them to call themselves "Merchant Taylors," a name which they still bear, though few, if any, of them ply the ancient craft. At first their head was called by the picturesque title of The Pilgrim, and in some of their charters they are addressed as the "Scissors and Fraternity of St. John the Baptist." It was probably owing to the naming of an inn "The Needle," near their hall, that "The Needle Street, now Threadneedle Street, obtained its strange appellation. Their first hall was in Basing Lane; but they migrated to their present quarters as long ago as 1331, when they

bought the house of one Edmund Crepyn. It was burnt in the Great Fire, but was magnificently rebuilt, not being completely finished, indeed, for about ten years. Their name, however, is chiefly associated in our minds with the school which they have long maintained in the City, and which has recently been removed from "the manor of the Rose within the parish of St. Laurence Poultny" to the old quarters of the Carthusians. The school has found an historian in Mr. Robinson, who has issued a *Register of the Scholars* (Farncombe and Co., Lewes), preceded by an interesting account of the foundation, its vicissitudes and its progress since Richard Mulcaster became its first master in 1561. The first scholar on the list is Edmund Spenser, who went up to Pembroke Hall at Cambridge in 1569. The credit of having educated the great poet should be highly valued by the Merchant Taylors. The Drapers were lodged in Swithin's Lane in John Hende's house in 1405, having previously occupied Blackwell Hall adjoining Guildhall. Fitz-Eylwin, the first mayor of London, is often claimed as a draper and a member of the company, perhaps because he had lived in Swithin's Lane; but, as we have seen, though he may have been, like another eminent citizen, "a linendraper bold in famous London town," he can hardly have belonged to a society which came into existence long after his death. The Drapers as a company are mentioned in contemporary documents as early as 1332, but they did not obtain a charter till 1364. It is, of course, very possible that Henry Fitz-Eylwin was connected with a guild of drapers, which is known to have held its annual festival in the church of St. Mary, Bishopsgate; in other words, in Bedlam Chapel, a strange place to have been chosen, and one more suitable, it might be thought, to a guild of hatters, if such a thing was in being at the time.

#### YACHT-RACING RULES.

WE gave a fortnight ago a brief account of the matches between the larger craft during the latter part of the season, and endeavoured to indicate how a grievance of which some owners may legitimately complain could be best removed. This grievance, and the best mode of remedying it, is not, however, the only question relating to yacht-racing which is likely to be discussed before long, and it may be well, while the memory of this year's sailing is still fresh amongst those who seek their pastime afloat, to recur to the subject, and to consider what changes are desirable and what are undesirable in the system now followed in regulating matches. The season has been, like others which preceded it, differently judged by members of the yachting fraternity. To those who sailed on board the vessels which often won it appeared a good season; to those who sailed on board unlucky ships, a very dull one. On the whole, it may be considered to have been a moderately good season, and there certainly has been nothing to justify the oft-repeated cry that yacht-racing is going to the dogs—who, by the way, are always being promised things they never get. Good breezes, the all-important requisite for matches, were frequent; calms were rare, and amongst many fair struggles one race in particular is likely to be long remembered as having been as exciting as any on record—perhaps, indeed, rather too exciting. Moreover, the season witnessed the advent of a magnificent cutter, as fast as she is pretty, and of a beautiful racing schooner. In the main, then, things went on tolerably well; but latterly regattas were undoubtedly marked by one unpleasant feature which it would be childish to ignore. Competitors were few, and, though this does not necessarily make matches dull, it causes considerable discontent; and the paucity of racers in August may very possibly lead to further demands for handicap matches in which the race is not to be to the swift, or, at all events, not very often. It is perhaps natural that this demand should be made, and there may be some persistence in urging it; but it is greatly to be hoped that Clubs and Committees will show sense and firmness, and that it will not be acceded to. We are not at all aware what system of handicapping is likely to be proposed, but it is obvious that any system which is to put cruisers or comparatively slow yachts on a level with racers or comparatively fast ones must make the latter pay a penalty for having won races. To define the difference between a cruiser and a racer has not yet been found practicable, and there is not the smallest reason for supposing that it ever will be. The only possible method of achieving the result desired by some is to enact that, after winning a certain number of prizes, a yacht shall allow increased time, and that, if she still continues to win, she shall, when she has added a further specified number to her flags, allow yet more time. Such a rule will undoubtedly give the cruiser a chance, and is the only one which can do so; but unfortunately this chance can only be obtained by penalizing skill and putting an end to improvement. It will be of no use, if such a rule obtains, to stimulate naval architects to make further advances, and to try to surpass even the excellent vessels which are now afloat. The only consequence of getting a well modelled yacht and having her well handled will be that, after a brief period, she will practically be debarred from racing. For good designing and good seamanship there will be prompt and severe punishment. Under such a rule as this the *Madge*, if she had returned from America, would, in consequence of having beaten the American yachts, have been boycotted in English waters, as she could only have sailed against other vessels on terms which must have ensured defeat. To exact increased time allow-



ance from successful yachts is to make owners pay a penalty for having had their vessels well designed; and it is greatly to be regretted that there should be any chance of a proposal for doing this being put forward at a time when it is manifest that there has been improvement in design, and that further improvement may be hoped for.

That there has been considerable improvement of late may be proved in the most absolute manner, not by attempting to compare old and new yachts, or by quoting the *dicta*, necessarily friendly and partial, of English nautical critics, but by reference to the action of our only rivals in yacht-building. The Americans are fond of vaunting the superiority of their vessels to ours; but what Americans say need not always be taken seriously by any means, perhaps is sometimes hardly meant to be taken seriously. What Americans do, on the other hand, always deserves attention; and what has been done with regard to the *America* Cup shows how well convinced Americans are that our yachts have now become decidedly superior to theirs. It has been made a challenge cup, not to be removed from New York, and such conditions are laid down for matches to be sailed for it as must deter any English yacht-owner, not a lunatic, from thinking of competing. When these conditions appeared, some little time ago, a slight indignation may have been felt by yachtsmen at their absurdly one-sided character; but, as a matter of fact, they are the best possible compliment that Americans can pay to Englishmen. They show that, in the opinion of those best able to judge, America cannot now produce seagoing vessels to race on even terms against ours; and that the type of our latest racing yachts, due, no doubt, in part to the *Julianar*, is decidedly superior to the American type. It must be remembered that the conditions under which a famous English yacht sailed in her races with the American craft have been the subject of much severe comment in the United States; and it was to be expected, therefore, that the American Club would, if they thought it safe, issue even conditions. They have not done so, thereby admitting the superiority of our present racing yachts to theirs; and, as the type of our vessels has been considerably changed of late, it seems abundantly clear that there has been improvement. No reason, however, exists for supposing that final perfection has been reached, or that no further improvement is possible. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that, in due course of time, even better vessels than those which sailed this year will be planned by the highly skilled men who now devote their attention to yacht-building; but of course there will not be improvement if all inducement to improve is taken away, or, to speak more accurately, if there is direct inducement not to improve. The result of handicapping must be to stop attempts to do better than has been done before, and a further result of it may possibly be to destroy that superiority to the Americans which now exists. If we go to sleep they will not, and they quickly take note of what is happening in England, and will profit alike by what we have taught them and by our inaction. Should handicap matches generally take the place of those which have hitherto been sailed, American owners and builders may exert themselves while ours are supine, and we may, at no very distant date, find the present condition of things exactly reversed, and may even see a yacht from across the Atlantic achieve in English waters victories quite as decisive as those of the *America*.

While, however, it seems certain, or all but certain, that the change in the system of yacht-racing which has been demanded, and is likely to be demanded again, will do harm, it must be fully admitted that some of the complaints urged against the present system are well founded and should receive consideration. It is said, with considerable force, that the rule of measurement now existing operates more unfairly than ever against some vessels and in favour of others. Not only is depth ignored, but lead keels are also ignored. When certain proportions are adopted a low centre of gravity is, for various reasons, desirable in a sea-going vessel, and we do not at all agree with the objections which are sometimes urged against outside lead; but as large lead keels enormously increase a vessel's sail-carrying power and, in consequence, her speed, it certainly seems hard that they should be altogether untaxed. In order to obviate the inequality caused by heavy ballasting it has been frequently proposed to tax outside lead, i.e. to make vessels carrying more than a certain proportionate amount of it give increased time allowance. The proposal seems fair enough, but unfortunately there are great practical difficulties in the way of carrying it out. It would not be by any means easy, perhaps in some cases it would be quite impracticable, to ascertain exactly the amount of outside lead carried by existing vessels. The quantity of lead bolted on to a vessel in process of construction can, no doubt, be ascertained; but any one who has seen a large lead keel fitted to a yacht will know that to do this long and careful supervision on the part of the official measurer would be necessary, and that considerable expense would be incurred, while not improbably disputes between the measurer and the builder might occur. There are then considerable objections to any method of measurement which requires the amount of outside ballast to be ascertained. A far better method than taxing that which partly gives the sail-carrying power would be to tax the sail-carrying power itself. We have before this more than once urged that of all the systems of measurement which have as yet been proposed this is the only one in which some grave defect which would make evasion possible has not been pointed out, and that it has the supreme merit of leaving the designer free to model his hull as he pleases. Amongst its other advantages is the important one that

it would put an end to the not unreasonable discontent of those who complain of excessive depth and of lead keels. The rule would not be prohibitive with regard to either; but under it the yachts which carried a great deal of lead very low down would be obliged, if the expression may be allowed, to pay a fair price for the advantage they gained.

It is, however, not to be expected that a change of this kind will be made shortly, as before so radical an alteration is effected there must be very full discussion and consideration. That sooner or later a system of measurement of this kind will have to be adopted there cannot be much doubt; and also there can be little doubt that sooner or later another radical change in the yacht-racing code, almost equally important, will have to be made. There is no need to recapitulate the objections to the detestable luffing rule, as they have been pointed out in these columns and elsewhere before, and are now familiar to all who take interest in the matter. A rule which is in diametrical opposition to the law would be of doubtful value, even if the law were somewhat unreasonable; but when the law is in accordance with reason and common sense, it is as objectionable as any ordinance can be. The rule of the road tells a mariner to do one thing; the Y.R.A. code tells him to do exactly the opposite. The direction of the legal rule tends to diminish the chance of collision; the yachting rule to increase it. It can hardly be necessary to say more in condemnation of the rule than this; and now that there is so much jealous sailing, and that masters are willing to run such risks, it causes, directly and indirectly, more danger than it has ever done before. It is nevertheless to be feared that the same course will be followed with regard to this obnoxious regulation as is followed in dealing with much more important matters in England. Although indefensible, the rule will be allowed to remain until a really bad accident shows the imperious necessity for sweeping it away. Then a conviction for manslaughter may suddenly make it obvious to the Council of the Y.R.A. and to Club Committees in general that it is not well to have sailing rules in direct contradiction to the law. To bring about a salutary change in this country it is usually necessary that somebody should be killed.

#### CRICKET IN 1882.

A CONSIDERATION of the changes and chances of the past season, and particularly of the last few weeks of it, must tend, one would think, to drive almost to desperation those ingenious souls who weigh the conclusions of the cricket-field in a mathematical balance, and who hold it as a law of more than Median fixity that good batsmen will always get runs, and good bowlers always get wickets—that the best side, in short, must inevitably win. What has been once, they argue, should be always. If Peate could help to put on 64 runs for the last wicket against the Australian bowlers at Manchester, why could he not help to put on 10 runs against the same adversaries at the Oval? If Mr. Studd could make 118 runs against them at Cambridge, and 114 at Lord's, why should he twice fail to score a single run against them at the Oval? Why, indeed! When these and other mysteries are explained away, then, and not till then, will cricket cease to be, what in very truth it now is, a game of hazard, compared with which one feels tempted to declare that even horse-racing and blind-hokey are but as "moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine."

The season has certainly been a curious one—a season of tremendous scoring and of miserable collapses. It has shown us an Eleven piling up in a single innings the prodigious total of 920 runs—not against the best of bowling or fielding, no doubt, but still, even under those conditions, a marvellous performance; and it has also shown us the finest Eleven England could put into the field unable to make 85 runs when wanted to do so; and then, again, the side victorious on that memorable day collapsing in their turn against foemen scarce worthy of their steel for only 49. In matches of first-rate importance, upwards of 200 runs in an individual innings have been scored four times, 286 net out by Murdoch against Sussex, 266 by Barnes against Leicestershire (and off the same bowling that twice since played such havoc among the stubborn wickets of Australia), 207 by Shrewsbury against Surrey, and 206 by Massie against Oxford University. Five times have upwards of 150 runs been made, 188 by Gunn against Hertfordshire, 187 by Midwinter against Leicestershire, 176 by Lord Harris against Sussex, 171 by Mr. A. G. Steel against Cambridge University, and 157 by Mr. Lacey (of the Cambridge Eleven) against Sussex. An individual innings of 100 and upwards has been registered no less than thirty-five times, in which catalogue the name of Mr. Charles Studd figures four times, of Barnes three times, of different Australian players—Horan twice—five times, and, *mirabile dictu!* of Dr. W. G. Grace not once. Nor, despite such striking evidence to the contrary, have the bowlers been without their days of triumph; Peate and Spofforth probably dividing the honours in this department, while Parnham (the new Leicestershire discovery), Crossland, Morley, Jones (the Surrey bowler), Barlow, Mr. Steel, and Mr. Studd, and all the Australians, it may be said, who handle a ball at all, have proved themselves at various times to be, like Sir Nathaniel, "most straight in virtue." Lancashire, according to some returns recently published in the sporting papers, stands, as last year, at the head of the counties, though we are halfinclined to agree with

Captain Holden, the very energetic secretary of the Nottinghamshire Club, that the honour properly belongs to the latter county, inasmuch as, though playing and winning fewer matches than Lancashire, they have beaten once at least every county against which they have been engaged, including the County Palatine itself. It is probable, however, that, with all three at their best, there is not much to choose between Lancashire, Nottinghamshire, and Yorkshire; Gloucestershire, rising with the famous triad of Graces and setting with them, has quite fallen from her pride of place; Middlesex, as strong in batting, perhaps, as the strongest, fails lamentably in bowling; while Kent and Surrey still struggle manfully, though with less fortune than one could wish, to bring back the historic times of Alfred Mynn and Frederick Miller. Cambridge won an easier triumph over Oxford than was anticipated, partly, it must be allowed, through the defective generalship shown by the captain of the losing side. Between the Gentlemen and the Players the battle was drawn; a victory of 87 runs for the latter at the Oval being amply redeemed by a victory of eight wickets for the former at Lord's. And to the uncertainties, more or less glorious, of the game itself, must be added the uncertainties of the weather. A fine warm spring, following upon a singularly mild winter, made the grounds in capital order at the opening of the campaign; and through the month of May the batsmen hit away as though the bowlers were never to have a chance. But with June there came a change; wickets were found to fall more quickly with a falling barometer; and, though we would not abate a jot of the glory which is fairly theirs, it must be confessed that rain and the results of rain contributed not a little to more than one Australian victory, and staved off more than one defeat.

These Australian victories and defeats have, of course, been the principal feature of the season, and have made cricket a flourishing subject of conversation among people who are generally wont to regard it as the pastime of boys, and to look with wonder, perhaps with a little contempt, on those who still, the heyday of their youth being past, preserve a practical interest in the game. And so far it is no doubt true, as a writer in the *Times* has maintained, that their visits have helped to give an impetus to cricket, and swelled the coffers of the various clubs on whose grounds they have exhibited their skill with many half-crowns and shillings which would not otherwise have found their way there. But to assert, as this writer went on to assert, that the national interest in what more truly than horse-racing may be called our national sport is waning, and required some such stimulant as these visits to save it from being transferred altogether to lawn-tennis, or such other "immortal toys," is surely what no true cricketer will for a moment allow. As the number of people who require to be amused increases every year, new sources of amusement have necessarily to be discovered; and in this luxurious age it is conceivable that our curled darlings will prefer the gentle exertions necessary to enable them to hold their own with Amaryllis on the netted lawn to the stern realities of the cricket-field. Nay, it is probable that the mysterious fascinations of "knurr and spell" would ere now have travelled southward, had it not become in happy time revealed that that Northern myth was in very truth no other than the trap, bat, and ball of our ingenuous childhood. But these are the creatures of a day; "the one remains, the many change and pass"; and the true cricketer, even though his memory go not back to the days of Pilch and Mynn and "Charlie" Taylor, as he regards with compassionate smile the rising and the setting of these short-lived children of *enui*, will say to himself, in the words of Goethe, "The fashion of this world passeth away, and I would fain occupy myself only with the abiding." But, indeed, there is no need of any "lyric fury." He who has been present when any of the three great Northern counties are trying conclusions, or when Surrey meets its old rivals Kent or Sussex at the Oval, or when the Gentlemen are set against the Players at Lord's, wants no assurance from us that cricket still flourishes exceedingly, and that the day will never come in our time, nor in the time of our children's children, when, if we may be allowed slightly to alter a line of one of Mr. Egerton Warburton's delightful hunting-songs,

The stumps are uprooted, the umpire is dumb.

Moreover, we could, "an we would," give sundry reasons for doubting whether these visits are, under their existing conditions, productive of unmingled good, either to the game itself, or, which is the light in which the sentimentalists seem most pleased to regard them, to the maintenance of good-will and brotherly love between the mother-country and her colonies. Take this, for instance, to mention the most simple, that while human nature is what it is, one can hardly be expected to overflow with brotherly love towards the man who persists in hitting your craftiest deliveries out of the ground, or whose own first ball uproots your middle stump amid the derisive cheers or yet ghastlier silence of twenty thousand spectators. But this is, no doubt, a brutal way of looking at the matter, and besides it were ungracious now to speak words of aught but the sweetest breath to our departing visitors, who have afforded us so many hours of pleasure—of somewhat painful pleasure to be sure, at times—and such a fruitful source of conversation. Nor, on the whole, need our national pride take any great alarm. Despite the nonsense written about them in some of our newspapers—and there is no more spacious ground for nonsense to your "press-man," as Mr. Swinburne would say, than the cricket-field—the playing value of the Australian Eleven remains pretty much what all

real judges of the game saw it to be from the first, and what they themselves, we are very sure, would be the first to confess it. Against the first rank of our English cricketers, play for play, they cannot stand; but there must be no weak joint in their foemen's harness, for their bows are drawn at no idle venture. Their strongest point is, beyond question, their bowling; and there, both in quantity and quality, we might well take a lesson from them. Spofforth, Boyle, Garrett, Giffen, Palmer, to say nothing of Bannerman, Murdoch, and Jones—any one of those would be a godsend to the best of our county Elevens, and here is an Eleven that includes them all. Whether it be from the prevalence of "ground" bowlers, or from the vast increase in the number of matches leaving no time for steady practice, or from some other cause, we shall not pretend to decide, but certain it is that our amateur bowling has lamentably declined of late years. Men such as C. D. Marsham, Lang, Voules, or E. M. Kenney, not to go back to prehistoric times, are sadly wanted now; a good, straight, fast bowler would be worth his weight in gold; for, on such wickets as our players now generally find prepared for them, and on grounds so circumscribed by ropes and stands as our best grounds now are, the slow bowler of to-day, when the weather is not on his side, has practically but little chance against a determined hitter, such as Ulyett, for instance, or Bonnor. We will not go so far as to suggest, as a rule for future guidance—take care of the bowling, and the batting will take care of itself; but it is certain that our batsmen, both amateur and professional, are at present very much better able to take care of themselves than our bowlers. And this, too, may be said, that the existing law of leg-before-wicket calls imperatively for change. Many propositions have lately been put forward in the papers to minimize the number of drawn matches, and even to ensure an effectual result to every match. With most of these we need not concern ourselves; no cricketer can have read them, and especially that marvellous one started in the *Times* by a "Lover of Cricket," with any other feeling than that suggested to Charles Lamb by the conversation of a certain Commissioner of Stamps and Taxes, as related by Haydon—a strong desire, namely, to examine the writer's phrenological development. But the suggestion for a change in the law of leg-before-wicket deserves every consideration. At present, as every one knows, the umpire's decision is regulated, not by the direction, but by the pitch of the ball. It is obvious, while the bowler depends more on his "breaking" power than on the nicety of his pitch or length, that this rule must give the batsman not afraid of hard knocks an advantage over him never contemplated by the framers of the rule, and, indeed, as some say, not to be deduced even from the wording of the rule. In Australia, where long scores are as little rare as black swans, the law seems to be very loosely observed, if one may judge by the number of their wickets that fell to its infraction in England; in the match against Lancashire, for instance, five out of the sixteen wickets they lost were out in this fashion. Bowlers such as Spofforth, or Crossland, or Ulyett, no doubt do not find the batsman over eager to protect the wicket with his person; but the slower bowlers, such as Peate, or Bates, or Barratt, or Mr. Steel, carry no such safeguards about with them. Of course, while for two out of the three days now devoted to an important match the ground is occupied by the rain, drawn matches must be; one may add, moreover, that while "gate-money" plays so important a part in cricket as, more's the pity, it now does, there will be every inducement to prolong the game to the utmost limit of time. But as little also can one doubt that, if a stringent law were passed, and rigidly observed, that the batsman should defend his wicket only with his bat, the bowlers would have a much fairer chance than they can have now, matches would be played fairly out far more frequently than they are now, and the original essence of the game would thereby, we submit, be more strictly preserved than in its present conditions it always is or can be.

#### RECENT RACING.

THERE is sometimes a fair amount of good racing in the slack time that intervenes between Goodwood and Doncaster, but this season there was but little to interest racing men during that interval. The valuable Astley Stakes for two-year-olds at Lewes, which is justly celebrated for exciting finishes, produced a fine race between Montroyd, Polaris, and Madrid, who ran past the post in the above order, there being only a head between each of them. For the Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes odds were laid on Chislehurst, although he was to carry 9 st. 8 lbs., but the race was won by his stable-companion Ramsay, who beat MacMahon by a neck, MacMahon being a neck in front of Chislehurst. Chislehurst was giving 5 lbs. to MacMahon and 10 lbs. to Ramsay, so his defeat was far from being inglorious. He had already won two races. Both MacMahon and Ramsay had also been winners. At Stockton, the Great Northern St. Leger was won by Peppermint, who had won races both at York Spring Meeting and at Carlisle. The following week at York 5 to 1 was laid against him for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, for which Dutch Oven, St. Marguerite, and Nellie were respectively the first, second, and third favourites. After the field had run half a mile, Peppermint went to the front, and although the three fillies, in a cluster, struggled hard to race up to him in the straight, he held his own manfully to the end, Nellie being a length behind him as he passed



the winning-post. In justice to Dutch Oven, it is but fair to say that she was not well on the day of the race. Lord Falmouth's two-year-old colt Galliard, the winner of the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, a race worth over 1,400*l.*, won the Prince of Wales's Stakes in a canter on the Wednesday at York. The Great Ebor Handicap was won, after a remarkably fine race, by Victor Emanuel, who was giving weight to everything in the race. He is ugly, and only cost 25 guineas as a yearling, but he has been more useful than many a high-priced horse.

The Doncaster meeting was opened by a very brilliant race between Poste Restante, Knight of Burghley, and Dunmore, ridden respectively by Cannon, Archer, and Fordham. There was only a head between each of the trio. Poste Restante, the winner, broke down, as he had previously done when seeming to be winning the Esher Stakes at Sandown in April last. There was a wonderfully fine race again in the Glasgow Plate, in which the three leading horses were only separated by heads, while the fourth was a neck behind them. The Great Yorkshire Handicap was fairly run away with by Balioi, a three-year-old, carrying 6 st. 7 lbs., who, with Actress, made most of the running on the following day in the St. Leger. The Champagne Stakes was an unusually interesting race, as Galliard, Macheath, The Prince, and Chislehurst, who were thought to be the best two-year-olds of the season, were to take part in it. The only other starter was a neat but moderate-sized filly called Hauteur, that had won three races and run second three times. The Prince made the running, the rest of the party following closely, with Galliard in the rear. Soon after reaching the bend The Prince and Chislehurst were flagging, while Galliard was completely beaten. Only Macheath and Hauteur remained to fight out the race, and after a very close struggle Hauteur won by a head. She is very well-bred, being by Rosicrucian out of a mare by the Derby winner Kettledrum; her granddam being by Newminster out of a mare by Windhound out of Alice Hawthorn. It is probable that none of her opponents were in the best of training, with the exception of Macheath, and considerable doubts are entertained as to the soundness of his legs. It was said that Galliard had been what trainers call "amiss" since he ran at York, that Chislehurst had been off his feed for some time, and that The Prince was "too big."

We have already devoted an article to the St. Leger. The remainder of the Wednesday's racing was not of a very high class. An outsider won the Rufford Stakes, which was the first race of the day. Sir George Chetwynd's Magician, who had won the Craven Plate at Sandown about a week before, was made a strong favourite; but he only ran third, a neck behind Nimble, who was a similar distance in the rear of Lord Durham's three-year-old filly Downpour. The last-named filly was mistrusted because she had been beaten at York after starting first favourite for the Lonsdale Plate. Magician made up for his defeat by winning the Bradgate Park Stakes later in the afternoon. Bon Jour would probably have started first favourite for the Tattersall Sale Stakes, for two-year-olds, in spite of his penalty, if it had not been reported that he had been suffering from a cough; but as it was, both Energy and Tyndrum were better favourites. Some distance from home Energy had the race in hand, and he won very easily by three lengths. On this form he ought to be a fair colt.

On the Thursday, in the Alexandra Plate, Archer gave an example of his common practice of winning "easily by a head." He waited with Suter until opposite the Stand, and then brought him forward without taking an ounce too much out of him. With Archer this proceeding is quite safe, but it is exceedingly productive of "cold shivers" among backers. Lord Cadogan's Goldfield, a colt by Springfield out of Crucible, galloped right away from the rest of the field in the Rous Plate for two-year-olds. Mespilus, the first favourite, seemed to be winning, but he could make no attempt at a struggle with Goldfield when challenged. The Portland Plate is always a gambling affair. Reputation had been in such form of late that he fairly deserved to be made the first favourite, although he was carrying the heaviest weight in the handicap; he ran gallantly, but he was beaten half a length by Shotover's own brother Martini, after a capital race. Martini has improved very much this season. As a two-year-old and as a three-year-old he never won a race, although he ran nine times; but this year he has won five races. This is another proof of what has become almost a proverb on the Turf, that it never does to despair in the case of a child of Hermit. Backers very naturally laid long odds on Laureate for the Scarborough Stakes, as his only opponent was Alban, a colt that had run nine times this year and last without winning a single race. The 12 lbs. that he had in hand, however, enabled Alban to catch the favourite, and to win the race by half a length. There was another surprise in the Wharfedale Stakes that followed. Amalfi, a despised outsider belonging to Lord Zetland, took the lead at the bend, and his jockey managed to flog him on until he won, after being resolutely challenged by Shaker.

Quicklime was a great favourite for the Doncaster Stakes on the Friday. As much as 2 to 1 was laid on his chance, while 7 to 2 was laid against the once Derby favourite Gerald, and 12 to 1 against Zeus and Amalfi. The two outsiders made the running, and although the two favourites got up to them at the Riffe Butts, they again slipped away, and had a capital race all to themselves, Amalfi winning by a neck. As the whole of the field were carrying the same weight, with the exception of Zeus, who had 5 lbs. in hand, this was an extraordinary reversal of public

form. In the last race of the previous day 8 to 1 had been laid against Amalfi, and he had won easily, and now, in the first race of the day, he landed the odds of 12 to 1. In the second race only 7 to 4 was laid against Dunmore, but he ran fifth, the race being won by Dreamland. On public running the best of the starters for the Prince of Wales's Nursery Handicap was the filly by Rotherhill out of Whiteface; but she could not give 35 lbs. to the colt by Tynedale out of Glee, who won by half a dozen lengths, the Duke of Albany being second. Although Retreat had beaten Fortissimo by some hundred yards or so in the Ascot Stakes, his running in the Great Yorkshire Handicap had been so wretched that 8 to 1 was laid against him for the Doncaster Cup, while only 11 to 8 was laid against Fortissimo. Peppermint, whose previous performances we have already noticed, was a good second favourite, and the Duke of Hamilton's Friday was third favourite. The race, however, was entirely fought out between the two outsiders, Retreat and Our John, the former winning by three-quarters of a length. Peppermint, who had so lately beaten the winner of the St. Leger, was a wretched fourth. Shotover, the winner of the Derby, won the Park Hill Stakes in a canter, Whin Blossom and Rozelle running second and third. The stakes were worth 925*l.*

The yearlings sold on the first day of Doncaster races were not of the most brilliant description, nor were the prices given for them very extravagant. On the Wednesday a colt by Hampton, called Hampton Wick, was considered by some good judges very cheap at 550 guineas. A good-looking filly named Wild Thyme, by Lowlander, was sold for 800 guineas. The form shown by Chislehurst has turned the attention of purchasers to the stock of Beaulere, and a nice colt by that horse brought in 1,200 guineas. The next day another of his stock realized 900 guineas. A beautiful colt by Rosicrucian went for 800 guineas; and a grey colt by Stratheconan, called Eastern Emperor, was sold for 1,100 guineas, but a grey filly by the same horse only fetched 15 guineas. Three yearlings by Stirling realized 700, 600, and 700 guineas. The highest price of the day was given by Mr. Crawford for a bay colt named Hampton Court, by Hampton, which was knocked down at 1,850 guineas. The stallion Rosebery, who won both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire in 1876, was sold for 400 guineas. Old Cardinal York, who won the Cesarewitch in 1870, was sold on the Friday for only 85 guineas. Three yearlings by Beaulere averaged 400 guineas apiece. The well-named yearling Highborn, by Gladiateur out of Fille de l'Air, brought in 1,000 guineas. The lowest price given was for Rappette, by Rapparee, who only realized 5 guineas.

The Dangu breeding stud was sold during the week preceding Doncaster races. The owners of this establishment constituted a sort of private company, presided over by Count Lagrange. More than a hundred and thirty horses, mares, and foals were brought to the hammer. Not the most welcome among the bidders was the representative of the Prussian Imperial Stud, who had already paid a visit to Dangu during the French and German war. When the German Government were laying their hands on any French horses that pleased them at a price little exceeding thirty guineas, this gentleman took up his quarters at Dangu with a view to taking possession of such thoroughbred stock as he might think proper, at "trooper price." Count Lagrange, however, had been sharp enough to send most of his racehorses over to England before the arrival of the unwelcome guest, and the best of the brood mares and stallions were hidden in the woods. During the late sale the representative of the Prussian Government found, on his return to Dangu, that he could no longer purchase Count Lagrange's blood stock at between thirty and forty guineas apiece. Whenever he ventured to bid, the Frenchmen bid against him with such vigour as to make it evident that he would not be allowed to purchase anything. He was enabled to secure Verdurette at 800 guineas, but only by means of an agent who was not suspected of acting on his behalf. Most of the best mares were bought by Frenchmen. Eight of the eleven stallions also remain in France. Rayon d'Or, the winner of the St. Leger and of over 24,000*l.* worth of stakes, was sold, to go to America, for 6,000*l.* Here is a chance of breeding Iroquoises and Foxhalls! Milan, at 1,320*l.*, and Inval, at 404*l.*, were bought for Belgium. The celebrated mare Clementine was bought in at 1,720*l.* When on the Turf she won more than 12,000*l.* in stakes. Albion, the winner of the French Derby and St. Leger of last year, was withdrawn at 700*l.*; and Peut-être, the winner of the Cambridgeshire in 1874, who had been purchased for 3,000*l.*, was now bought in at 1,680*l.* Most of the mares had been put young to the stud, and they contrasted very favourably with the worn-out mares that too often find their way to English breeding farms. Océanie, who ran in England, and was never beaten as a two-year-old or a three-year-old, fetched 1,180*l.*; and Printaniere brought in 1,000*l.*

The English stud has sustained a loss by the death of Blair Athol. When this good horse was bought for 12,500 guineas he was cheaper than many horses that have only cost fifty. He was the sire of one winner of the Derby, of two winners of the St. Leger, of one winner of the Two Thousand, and of two winners of the One Thousand; but none of his stock ever succeeded in winning the Oaks. He himself won both the Derby and the St. Leger. At the stud he will probably be most remembered as having been the sire of Silvio and Prince Charlie.

## REVIEWS.

## THORNTON'S FOREIGN SECRETARIES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.\*

MR. THORNTON'S concluding volume resembles in all respects the earlier portion of his work. There are many inaccuracies which may be attributed rather to negligence than to ignorance, as when he states that the change of Ministry in the autumn of 1834 was caused by the death of "Lord Spencer (better known in history as Lord Althorpe)." Mr. Thornton must know that Lord Althorpe (not Althorpe) survived for several years his father, Lord Spencer; and that the vacancy of his office in 1834 was caused, not by his death, but by his accession to the peerage. The same paragraph describes the satisfaction with which Lord Melbourne is supposed to have anticipated his drive to Brighton "in the pleasant autumn season, when the varying beauties of the scenes surveyed successively from Banstead Downs, Reigate Hill, and in the woodland vale of Sussex, are, if not indeed then at their best, at least exquisitely delightful." There are not many digressions in the book equally irrelevant; but the passage is a fair specimen of Mr. Thornton's devious style. Every clause in sentences which are frequently long seems to be inserted as it occurs to the mind of the writer, with little reference to what goes before or what is destined to come after. The effect which is produced is sometimes confusing; but, in consequence of entire freedom from affectation, Mr. Thornton, though his language partakes of the quality of slipslop, is never vulgar. If he has little sense of proportion, either in arrangement of topics or in language, he writes like a careless, simple-minded, and occasionally ungrammatical gentleman. His judgments of the character and policy of successive Secretaries of State are not the less likely to be sound because they are uniformly generous. More ambitious writers often fail to recognize the public spirit and the honesty of statesmen who have the misfortune to belong to a different party from that of their intolerant critics. Mr. Thornton is not a partisan in foreign policy, for he extols with almost equal earnestness the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, and, above all, Lord Malmesbury, who is apparently his favourite Minister. It may be conjectured that in domestic affairs Mr. Thornton inclines to Conservatism; but he appreciates the public services of the Liberal leaders. Almost the only transactions which he condemns are the attacks on Lord Beaconsfield's Government during the wars in Turkey and in Afghanistan. An implied censure on Lord Aberdeen for his acceptance of office in 1852 seems to be founded on doubtful authority. One remedy which Mr. Thornton proposes for erroneous censures on the foreign policy of the Government is ingenious and original. The Opposition, as he says, is frequently unacquainted with the circumstances and reasons which may justify apparently questionable measures of the Government. Mr. Thornton suggests that, as the Parliamentary minority exercises a recognized influence on foreign policy, their leaders might in certain cases be admitted to the confidence of the Ministers. The objections to such a project are obvious and probably conclusive; but the inconvenience which it purports to remove is not imaginary, and the contrivance could only proceed from a thoughtful and fair politician. In practice it is found that Governments are rather too communicative than unduly reticent.

One important statement, which is repeated three or four times, rests wholly on Mr. Thornton's unsupported testimony. As he admits or affirms, one leading incident in the careers of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, and the Duke of Wellington,

has hitherto remained without record, destined as it was to influence the future of the world, to which we are fortunate in having been enabled to draw the special attention of our readers. When the Czar Nicholas was in England in 1844, so vivid were the fears of British statesmen as to the ambition of France, that, notwithstanding the Emperor Nicholas's un concealed desire to partition Turkey, the three representatives of the then Conservative party, namely [the rest of the passage is in italics] the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Aberdeen, met the Russian Czar, and signed a secret memorandum, promising to exert their personal influence on behalf of the Greek as opposed to the Latin Church at Jerusalem, and so practically to forward Russian claims to the guardianship of the Holy Places, as opposed to those of France, who was to be ignored in the matter. This memorandum, to a certain extent favouring Russia's claim to a protectorate of the Greek Church, was never placed in the Foreign Office archives, but was forwarded in succession from one Foreign Secretary to another, until, as we shall show, poor Lord Aberdeen (Wellington and Peel being dead) was called upon for his pound of flesh in 1853.

It is strange that Mr. Thornton, professing to record for the first time so remarkable and improbable a transaction, should not think it necessary to indicate his source of information. Mr. Kinglake states, with much probability, and perhaps with knowledge of the fact, that the Emperor Nicholas rejoiced in the appointment of Lord Aberdeen as Prime Minister of England. Mr. Thornton assumes that the Emperor's satisfaction was founded on the participation of Lord Aberdeen in the mysterious agreement which is now imagined or disclosed. It is well known that in 1844 the Emperor held confidential conversations with the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Aberdeen, and that he afterwards communicated to the Foreign Office a minute of the conversation which was neither formally accepted nor rejected.

The memorandum bore no reference to the Holy Places, and it dealt with the more important subject of the policy to be pursued by Russia and England in the possible collapse of the Turkish dominion. It is almost incredible that Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues should have made a one-sided agreement with reference to the Holy Places, without any consideration for their acquiescence in the Russian proposals, and to the detriment of France, which was then on the most cordial terms with England. Even if Mr. Thornton is not the victim of a total delusion, he is mistaken in supposing that Lord Aberdeen could before the Russian war have been embarrassed by any undertaking as to the Holy Places. On the 22nd of April, 1853, the dispute between the Porte and Prince Mentchikoff, then Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, was settled under the mediation of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. According to Mr. Thornton, the subsequent rupture arising from the rejection by Turkey of the Russian claim to a protectorate of the Greek Church could in no way have been affected by any supposed engagement as to the Holy Places to which Lord Aberdeen might have been a party. His conduct and character have been severely and justly criticized as among the principal causes of a war which he deprecated and which to the end of his life he deeply regretted; but he has never until now been accused either by his own countrymen or by the advocates of Russia of the breach of any definite obligation. He involuntarily deceived the Emperor Nicholas, who spoke of him as his friend of forty years' standing, by his obstinate denial of the probability of war, at a time when the indignant feeling of the English nation rendered a pacific solution almost impossible. On the day on which he announced to the House of Lords the declaration of war Lord Aberdeen defended himself with dignity and spirit against Lord Derby's ill-timed taunts. "When," he said, "Sir Hamilton Seymour reported to me the complimentary phrases used by the Emperor, I was gratified by the friendly remembrance of a Sovereign who was then an ally of Her Majesty; but I did not instruct Sir Hamilton Seymour to express my gratitude, as the noble Earl [Lord Derby] in fulsome language thanked for a similar expression of confidence the only Austrian Minister [Prince Schwarzenberg] who has in my time been the professed enemy of England." As long as he remained in office Lord Aberdeen cordially assisted his colleague at the War Office; while one member, at least, of the Cabinet, instead of contributing to the vigorous prosecution of the struggle, was sedulously intriguing at the same time against Lord Aberdeen and against the Duke of Newcastle.

Although Mr. Thornton evidently writes in good faith, his accuracy, as has been already remarked, is scarcely such as to entitle him to implicit belief when he makes paradoxical assertions. In his account of the battle of Goojerat, which was fought in the spring of 1849, he states that "fifteen thousand Afghan horsemen, under the implacable Akbar Khan, helped to swell the ranks of our enemies." There were, in fact, in the Sikh army fifteen hundred Afghans, under the command of Akram Khan, a son of Akbar; but Akbar himself was no longer implacable, as he had died in 1847. It is surprising that Mr. Thornton should not have been inclined to suspect his own statement by the silence of contemporary annalists as to an occurrence which would have been sufficiently remarkable if it had taken place. Still more unaccountable is a blunder which relates directly to his own chosen subject. It was necessary to his purpose to record Lord Granville's first occupation of the Foreign Office, which lasted two months, from December 1851 to February 1852. The historian is not to be blamed because he finds little to say of an administration which was too short for any definite action; but Mr. Thornton unluckily remembers that the dismissal of Lord Palmerston followed the debates of 1851 on the absurd Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. As usual when the Cabinet was engaged in domestic legislation, Lord Palmerston acquiesced in the wisdom or folly of his colleagues. When Lord John Russell read to the Cabinet his notorious letter to the Bishop of Durham, Lord Palmerston broke the general silence by asking when the letter was to be despatched. To Lord John Russell's answer that the letter was already sent to the post, Lord Palmerston replied that there was no use in discussing it further. From that time he probably took no part in the deliberations as to more or less impotent modes of repelling Papal aggression. Mr. Thornton is justified in his statement that before the retirement of Lord Palmerston the Government had been weakened by its conflict with the Peelites on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, but he oddly asserts that the difference was not with Parliamentary opponents, but with "the Peelite section of the Cabinet." No followers of Sir Robert Peel held office from his resignation in 1846 to the formation of Lord Aberdeen's Government at the end of 1852. If the Peelites had been in the Cabinet, they evidently could not have opposed Lord John Russell's foolish Bill. There was no other controversy in which they had the opportunity of being exclusively in the right. The Whigs were, like themselves, Free-traders, and it was fortunate for the disciples of Peel that the regular Liberals were led astray by their chief on the question of religious toleration. The Peelites at the time incurred general unpopularity, though a small minority of unprejudiced politicians cordially approved their resistance to the Bill; but the irritation of the vulgar mass was largely tempered by respect; and in the following year the small body of leaders without followers was enabled, in a great degree by reason of the independence which it had displayed, to negotiate on equal terms with the Whigs for the distribution of Cabinet offices.

Mr. Thornton, though he speaks of all Foreign Secretaries in a

\* *Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century*. Vol. III. By Percy M. Thornton. London: Allen & Co. 1882.



generous and respectful tone, almost unconsciously recognizes the pre-eminence of Lord Palmerston in his special department. During his long tenure of office many mistakes were committed; and indeed his project of procuring allies by the establishment of constitutional Governments in different parts of Europe resulted, if not in the failure of his efforts, at least in the disappointment of his hopes. Spain and Italy, which were emancipated with his cordial sympathy, and not without his co-operation, from absolute rule, have rewarded the good offices of England with habitual detraction and ill-will. It was not his fault that his successors violently reversed his Eastern policy, though they have lately revived the spirit of his diplomatic career. The distinguishing merit of Palmerston was that he always trusted the power and maintained the influence of England. While he directed the foreign policy of England peace was never disturbed, except during the petty Syrian war of 1840. If he had not been, either by his own desire or through the jealousy of rivals, relegated to another post in Lord Aberdeen's Administration, the Russian war would almost certainly have been avoided; and he was afterwards entitled to the credit of bringing it to a successful conclusion. A weaker Minister might not have been able to thwart the frantic endeavour of the seceders from the Government to procure more favourable terms for the enemy by a premature pacification. Mr. Thornton's work closes with the death of the greatest Foreign Minister of the last generation. He may perhaps hereafter discuss the administrations of the present Lord Derby, of Lord Salisbury, and Lord Granville.

#### SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.\*

IN the present age of popular treatises on Buddhism it is hardly necessary to explain that the Vinaya Pīṭaka, portions of which Mr. Rhys Davids and Dr. Oldenberg have translated for the *Sacred Books of the East*, consists of regulations for the outward conduct and habits of the Bhikkhus, or members of the Buddhist fraternity, almost the oldest, and in some respects the strictest, of all orders of monks. The various books of the Vinaya are of different ages and characters; and the history of their formation, as conjecturally sketched by the translators in their interesting, if somewhat disjointed, Introduction, is obscure and complicated. It is probable, however, that a somewhat similar course to that of the Jātakas may be traced in the Vinaya. First we have a brief regulation, placed by tradition in the Buddha's own mouth, and probably, or at least possibly, emanating from himself; then follows an ancient commentary; and, finally, later notes and explanations. The whole is not so irretrievably mixed together but that it is possible to separate, at least partially, the component elements; and the separate existence of the Pātimokkha, the oldest portion of the Sutta-Vibhaṅga (or first division of the Vinaya) is a great aid to this work of identification. In the second portion, or Khandhakas, the same process of gradual accretion doubtless went on; but, with a few exceptions, the original, simple, and brief formularies which constituted the pith of each section have not been found separately, and therefore it is not so easy to trace the history of this division as it is that of the Sutta-Vibhaṅga. As to date, it is known that the Vibhaṅga and the twenty Khandhakas are older than the Council of Vesālī, which may be fixed somewhere near 350 B.C. This, however, is the nearer limit from which we may work back. It was before this time that the two chief divisions of the Vinaya (save two chapters) were already famous in their complete accumulated form. But the ancient commentary must have been considerably older, and probably mounts back into the fifth century B.C., while the Pātimokkha and the Kammavākas, or formularies ascribed to the Buddha, upon which the rest depends, must be still earlier. Thus the whole of the Vinaya (save the Fifth Book and certain excepted chapters) is of very high antiquity in its present shape.

The portions selected for translation by Mr. Rhys Davids and his colleague give a very fair impression of the whole. The Pātimokkha, which occupies the first place in this volume, is that portion of the oldest formularies which relates to males of the order; whilst the Mahāvagga Khandhakas give an ample idea of the completed form of the Buddhist rubrics, as they may almost be called. The Pātimokkha, be it said with all respect, is the most amusing of Sacred Books. It consists of a list of offences drawn up for recitation at the penitential meetings, which the Buddhist Chapters held twice a month. These meetings were a survival of the ancient Indian festivals of the new and full moon, but they received their penitential character from the Buddhists themselves. A "learned and competent" Brother would get up and say, "May the Chapter, reverend sirs, hear me! To-day is the sacred day, the fifteenth day of the half moon. . . . Let the reverend brethren announce their purity, and I will release the Pātimokkha." And when the introduction was ended, he would proceed to go through the catalogue of sins in their several classes, beginning with the most heinous, and fining away to venial mis-

demeanours; the classification is, however, extremely peculiar, and the most various offences find themselves side by side. At the end of each section of crime the reciter addressed the order assembled and said, "Venerable sirs, the ninety-two rules [e.g.] regarding matters requiring expiation have been recited. In respect of them I ask the venerable ones, 'Are you pure in this matter?' A second time I ask the venerable ones, 'Are you pure in this matter?' A third time I ask the venerable ones, 'Are you pure in this matter?' The venerable ones are pure herein. Therefore do they keep silence. Thus I understand. Here endeth the recitation of the Pāṭikittiyas." What the venerable ones had to be pure in were matters of considerable detail. It was, for example, a Pāṭikittiya offence with forfeiture to allow your robe to be washed by a nun of the order who was not a relative; or to have silk in your mat, or pure goat's-hair, instead of the prescribed mixture of black, white, and brown wool; or to get a new rug before the old one had lasted six years; or to get a new bowl if your old one had been broken in less than five places; and so forth. As far as we have explored this code, there was nothing the unhappy monk could do without coming into the criminal category, unless it were to sit still; and even this is a doubtful exception, for if the Bhikkhu happened to "hurriedly sit down in the upper story of a dwelling-place common to a Saṅgha on a bedstead or chair with removable legs," it was Pāṭikittiya just as much as if he had lied or slandered, or dug the ground, or destroyed a vegetable, or worried the Bhikkhus, or borrowed a bedstead and forgotten to restore it to the place whence he took it, or given a gown to a female devotee, or had it made up for her, or walked along the high road with her—or, worst of all, sat down beside her!

It is this delightful mixture of queer offences that compels us reluctantly to call this Sacred Book amusing. The sixth section of the Pāṭikittiya sins, for instance, begins with condemning strong drinks, and proceeds:—"There is Pāṭikittiya in poking another person with the finger. There is Pāṭikittiya in sporting in the water," in frightening another monk, lighting a fire when not absolutely required, bathing oftener than twice a month, hiding another's bowl, or mat or girdle or needlecase, "even in fun"—in all is Pāṭikittiya; and so it is if a Brother has the legs of his chair made higher than eight inches! But when it comes to reciting the rules of discipline (Sekhīyā Dhammā), it is a wonder how the venerable ones kept their countenances, as in the following:—

11. "Not with loud laughter will I go amidst the houses." This is a discipline which ought to be observed.
12. "Not with loud laughter will I take my seat amidst the houses." This is, &c.
15. "Without swaying my body about will I go amidst the houses." This is, &c.
21. "With my arms not akimbo will I go amidst the houses." This is, &c.
34. "With equal curry will I eat the alms placed in my bowl." This is, &c.
35. "Without pressing down from the top will I eat the alms placed in my bowl." This is, &c.
36. "Neither the curry nor the condiment will I cover up with rice, desiring to make it nicer." This is, &c.
40. "Into round mouthfuls will I make up my food." This is, &c.
43. "When the food is in my mouth, will I not talk." This is, &c.
53. "Without licking my bowl will I eat." This is, &c.
61. "Not to a person wearing slippers, unless he is sick, will I preach the Dhammā." This is, &c.

In the second part of this volume we have the fuller form of Buddhist regulations presented in the Mahāvagga. This form most resembles the Jātaka tales. First, an incident in the life of the blessed Buddha is related, or an incident occurring in his time; this presents an opportunity for a decision; and this decision concludes the chapter, and corresponds to the more naked form of the Pātimokkha. The value of these stories is the light they throw upon the state of the Buddhist fraternity at a period comparatively soon after its formation. It is here that we find the origin of many of the seemingly needless sumptuary laws laid down in the Pātimokkha, for which analogous rules in the Mahāvagga suggest a reason. The Khandhakas, however, of the Mahāvagga must be admitted to impress the reader with a weary sense of their monotony, and the various anecdotes which gave rise to the formalities of ordination in the order of Bhikkhus, or to those bearing on the monthly festivals, on the retreat during the rainy season, and the festival succeeding it, are very much alike, and present little charm of manner or even unconscious humour. The story of the serpent who was ordained (p. 217) is better than most:—

At that time there was a serpent who was aggrieved at, ashamed of, and conceived aversion for, his having been born as a serpent. Now this serpent thought, What am I to do in order to become released from being a serpent, and quickly to obtain human nature? Then this serpent gave himself the following answer: These Sakyaputtiya Samanas lead indeed a virtuous, tranquil, holy life; they speak the truth, they keep the precepts of morality, they are endowed with all virtues. If I could obtain [ordination with them] I should be released from being a serpent and quickly obtain human nature. Then that serpent, in the shape of a youth, went to the Bhikkhus, and asked them for the Pabbaggā ordination; they conferred on him the pabbaggā and upasampada ordinations. At that time that serpent dwelt, together with a certain Bhikkhu, in the last Vihāra (near the boundary wall of the Gētavāna). Now that Bhikkhu, having arisen in the night, at dawn was walking up and down in the open air. When that Bhikkhu had left the Vihāra, that serpent, who thought himself safe from discovery, fell asleep in his natural shape. The whole Vihāra was filled with the snake's body; his windings jutted out of the window. Then that Bhikkhu thought, I will go back to the Vihāra, opened the door, and saw the whole Vihāra filled with the snake's body, the windings jutting out of the window. Seeing that, he was terrified, and cried out. The

\* *Sacred Books of the East*. Edited by F. Max Müller. Vol. XIII. *Vinaya Texts*. Translated from the Pāli, by T. W. Rhys Davids and Hermann Oldenberg. Pt. I. The Pātimokkha. The Mahāvagga, I.—IV. 1881. Vol. VIII.—*The Bhagavadgītā, with the Sanatsugatīyā and the Anugītā*. Translated by Kāśhināth Trimbak Telang, M.A. 1882. Vol. XII.—*The Satapatha-Brāhmaṇa, according to the Text of the Madhyandina School*. Translated by Julius Eggeling. 1882.

Bhikkhus ran up and said to that Bhikku, "Why did you cry out, friend?" "This whole Vihāra, friends, is filled with the snake's body; the windings jut out of the window." Then that serpent awoke from (sic) that noise, and sat down on his seat [in his human shape]. And the Bhikkhus said to him, "Who are you, friend?" "I am a serpent, reverend sirs." "And why have you done such a thing, friend?" Then that Nāga told that whole matter to the Bhikkhus, and the Bhikkhus told it to the Blessed One. In consequence of that and on this occasion, the Blessed One, having ordered the fraternity of Bhikkhus to assemble, said to that serpent, "You, serpent, are not capable of spiritual growth in this doctrine and discipline. However, serpent, go and observe fast on the 14th, 15th, and 8th day of each half month; thus will you be released from being a serpent, and quickly obtain human nature." Then that serpent, who thought, "I am not capable of spiritual growth in this doctrine and discipline," became sad and sorrowful, shed tears, made an outcry, and went away.

And the Buddha, after explaining how and when humanized serpents resume their original shape, took occasion to forbid the upasampada ordination being administered to animals; for the sake of which dictum this quaint story was invented. It will be observed that Mr. Rhys Davids and Dr. Oldenberg have not lavished many of the graces of style upon their translation; but of its accuracy and thorough scholarship there can be no manner of doubt.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the two other volumes in our list. The three episodes from the Mahābhārata, translated into very excellent English by Mr. Telang, will be interesting to all lovers of the wonderful Hindu epic. The first of the three, the Bhagavadgītā, or Divine Lay, is famous in every literature; but the others, the Sanatsugātīya and the Anugītā, have never before been translated into English. Apart from their antiquity, which Mr. Telang discusses with great ability in his introductions, these portions of the Hindu epic have a deep interest in the light in which they present ancient Indian views on the great problems of life and the hereafter. They are not graphic and stirring, like other parts of the Mahābhārata; but rather grave and thoughtful philosophical discussions, replete with those most spiritual ideas of Hindu religion which are now identified with the Brahmanic teaching. The "wonderful and holy dialogue" between Krishna and Arjuna on the eve of the battle, which constitutes the Bhagavadgītā, incongruous as some (mistaking, we think, the character of ancient epic literature) have thought it, possesses a spiritual elevation which well entitles it to be called the "Divine Song." We may quote the Deity's doctrine of self-control:—

The boisterous senses carry away by force the mind even of a wise man who exerts himself (for final emancipation). Restraining them all, a man should remain engaged in devotion, making me his only resort. For his mind is steady whose senses are under his control. The man who ponders over objects of sense forms an attachment to them; from that attachment is produced desire; and from desire anger is produced; from anger comes want of discrimination; from want of discrimination confusion of the memory; from confusion of the memory loss of reason; and in consequence of loss of reason he is utterly ruined. But the self-restrained man who moves among objects with senses under the control of his own self, and free from affection and aversion, obtains tranquillity. When there is tranquillity all his miseries are destroyed, for the mind of him whose heart is tranquil soon becomes steady. He who is not self-restrained has no steadiness of mind, nor has he who is not self-restrained perseverance in the pursuit of self-knowledge; there is no tranquillity for him who does not persevere in the pursuit of self-knowledge, and whence can there be happiness for one who is not tranquil. For the heart which follows the rambling senses leads away his judgment as the wind leads a boat astray upon the waters. . . . He into whom all objects of desire enter, as waters enter into the ocean, which though replenished still keeps its position unmoved, he only obtains tranquillity; not he who desires those objects. . . .

Arjuna said: By whom, O descendant of Vrishni, is man impelled, even though unwillingly, and as it were constrained by force, to commit sin?

The Deity said: It is desire, it is wrath, born from the quality of passion, it is very ravenous, very sinful. Know that that is the foe in this world.

Knowledge is enveloped by this constant foe of the man of knowledge in the shape of desire, which is like a fire and insatiable. . . . Therefore, O chief of the descendants of Bharata, first restrain your senses; then cast off this sinful thing which destroys knowledge and experience. It has been said, Great are the senses, greater than the senses is the mind, greater than the mind is the understanding. What is greater than the understanding is That. Thus knowing that which is higher than the understanding, and restraining yourself by yourself, O you of mighty arms, destroy this unmanageable enemy in the shape of desire (pp. 50-53).

Professor Eggeling's scholarly translation of the Satapatha-Brahmana appeals to a narrower circle than either of the two preceding Sacred Books. As the translator himself admits, "In the whole range of literature few works are probably less calculated to excite the interest of any outside the very limited number of specialists than the ancient theological writings of the Hindus known by the name of Brāhmanas. For wearisome prolixity of exposition, characterized by dogmatic assertion and a flimsy symbolism rather than by serious reasoning, these works are perhaps not equalled anywhere." When we find that the whole of the present volume is occupied with minute directions for the proper manner of offering sacrifices of milk, barley, rice, &c. (as opposed to the animal and Soma sacrifices), it is not surprising that the translator does not recommend them to the careless attention of the general reader. Nevertheless, this Brāhmana of the White Yagur—which forms part of the Yagur-veda, and is the most important of all the Brāhmanas—has a decided interest of its own. It is a chief source of our information on one of the most important periods in the social and mental development of India. It is here that we see how the priestly caste transformed a primitive nature-worship into "a highly artificial system of sacrificial ceremonies" and how it consequently aimed at increasing and strengthening its own power and influence by exalting the sanctity of the sacerdotal office. The Yagur-veda contains the sacrificial texts employed by the Adhvaryu

priest, and to the texts in verse and prose adds dogmatic explanations of them:—

These theological treatises, composed chiefly with the view of elucidating the sacrificial texts, and explaining the origin and hidden meaning of the various rites, form one of the most important departments of the literature of the period which succeeded the systematic arrangement of the sacrificial ceremonial, and in which we must place the gradual consolidation of the Brāhmanical hierarchy. Such as they lie before us, they contain the accumulated wisdom and speculations of generations of Indian divines. They are essentially digests of a floating mass of single discourses or dicta on various points of the ceremonial of worship, ascribed to individual teachers, and handed down orally in the theological schools. Single discourses of this kind were called Brāhmanas—probably either because they were intended for the instruction and guidance of priests (brahman) generally, or because they were for the most part the authoritative utterances of such as were thoroughly versed in Vedic and sacrificial lore and competent to act as Brāhmanas, or superintending priests. In later times a collection or digest of such pieces came to be likewise called a Brāhmana.

How valuable such a work must be for students of the early development and consolidation of the Brahmanical system it is needless to remark. The light the Brāhmana throws on early Hindu speculation and metaphysics is not to be neglected, whilst the unquestionably ancient legends included among the dry details of ritual present a still greater interest, and form a link between the Brāhmanas themselves and the Vedic hymns. Few, probably, will care to work through the uninviting text of this curious volume, but Professor Eggeling's Introduction, with its study of Indian sacerdotalism, ought to be read by every one who cares about the conditions of early Hindu society and religion.

#### MEMOIR OF LORD KEITH.\*

"THE only lives of Lord Keith hitherto published," writes Mr. Allardyce, "have been contained in brief magazine obituaries, and in Chambers's 'Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.'" The presumption surely is that, if the world has been hitherto content with mere sketches of the life of an Admiral who entered the navy when George III. had scarcely been a year on the throne, a big biography is not now needed. If the generation that knew him did not ask for such a book, it is not likely that the generation that has forgotten him will care much for it. Admiral Keith undoubtedly did good service, but he lived in an age of naval heroes. Among the great seamen of the reign of George III. he stands only in the second rank. There is no great sea-fight that has made his name famous. He had his chance, but he missed it. Nevertheless his career was so prolonged, extending as it did over more than sixty years of service, and so varied, that even at this late period a brief account of it might have been found interesting. Most assuredly, however, it afforded neither materials nor justification for the ponderous volume of more than four hundred pages which we have before us. It would have been well had Mr. Allardyce borne in mind Southey's brief preface to his Life of Nelson. "Many lives of Nelson," he wrote, "have been written; one is yet wanting, clear and concise enough to become a manual for the young sailor, which he may carry about with him till he has treasured up the example in his memory and in his heart."

We have taken the readiest, if the rudest, way of comparing the biographies of these two Admirals. We have weighed them one against the other. Lord Keith in one volume is rather more than three times as heavy as Lord Nelson in two. Of its heaviness in another respect it is quite impossible to give our readers even a notion. It must be felt before it can be believed in. It is dull from the first page to the last, as dull as it is eminently respectable. The opening lines struck us with a kind of chill, for they only too plainly showed how heavy was the long task that lay before us. We are introduced to our hero at his birth as "George Keith Elphinstone, whom history knows as Viscount Keith, Admiral of the Red, and Knight of the Bath." When a man is advanced to the peerage, history may certainly know him, not by his family name, but by his title. No less certainly may she know him as an admiral. But what, we anxiously asked of ourselves, must be the turn of mind of a biographer who believes that history troubles her head about Knights of the Bath? Our alarm was but too soon shown to be reasonable. The pomposity with which our author made his start was not allowed to drop. Thus in the second page we are told that, "though of ancient lineage, and connected with the noblest houses in Scotland, neither the wealth nor the possessions of the Elphinstone family adequately corresponded to the dignity of its position." It is some comfort to know "that the barons of Elphinstone had always lived respected and honoured on their own property; and that the social esteem in which they were held is testified to by the alliances which they formed." So respectable, indeed, was the alliance to which Lord Keith owed his birth, that in his mother was united the representation of one extinct and two attainted earldoms. This lady, writes Mr. Allardyce, "was celebrated among the beauties and toasts of Edinburgh society, which was then in the last flush of brilliancy preceding its decay." It is at first sight strange to find that this last flush was seen about five-and-thirty years before the birth of Sir Walter Scott. But by society our author clearly means "good society," and "good

\* *Memoir of the Honourable George Keith Elphinstone, K.B., Viscount Keith, Admiral of the Red.* By Alexander Allardyce, Author of the "City of Sunshine," &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1882.



society" after the Union began, no doubt, to move London-wards. If the representatives of extinct and attainted earldoms disappeared from the scene, Edinburgh had still, during its long and melancholy decay, a few such men as Hume, Adam Smith, Robertson, Dugald Stewart, Scott, Jeffrey, and Cockburn. But to return to our biographer and his hero's mother. "Lord Elphinstone," he writes, "must have been thought very fortunate in securing the hand of this fair daughter of the Keiths and the Flemings; and Lady Clementina made an excellent wife, and became the mother of a large family." This brings us easily, and, we may add, genteelly, to our hero's birth. Of the first fifteen years of his life the chief, we might even say the only, certain fact recorded is his christening. "He was baptized on 10th February, 1746, by the minister of St. Ninian's, in Stirlingshire, a parish not far distant from Elphinstone Tower." It is said that as a mere boy he had a strong ambition to distinguish himself in the navy; "which," writes our author, "must have been greatly stimulated by the news of the gallant successes of Boscawen, Hood, and Rodney." Such successes as Hood, if not indeed Rodney, had gained at this date were scarcely likely to have strongly caught the attention of a Scotch lad. Their great battles were won fully twenty years later. Over young Elphinstone's early career at sea our author passes at a rapid pace. Materials, no doubt, were wanting for that full description of matters not worth describing in which he delights. But when his hero became a captain greater opportunities were offered. It is after the following fashion that he avails himself of them:—

The two intervening months were a period of great activity with the captain-elect. Elphinstone was daily employed in superintending the victualling of his vessel, in endeavouring to open the reluctant ears of the Admiralty to her numerous deficiencies, and in picking his crew, among whom he succeeded in securing several of his old Scorpions. He was, however, able to show hospitality to many distinguished friends, whose acquaintance he had made during the brief intervals when he had been at home, and who came to see him before sailing, among whom were the Duke of Gordon, the Earl of Seaford, and the Earl and Countess of Aylesford, in honour of whom it is recorded that salutes were duly fired as they quitted the vessel.

Our readers must not run away with the notion that all of Mr. Allardyce's big volume is given up to such matters as duly recording salutes that were duly fired more than a hundred years ago. On the contrary, there is not a step, not an action, we believe, in his hero's career which he intentionally passes over in silence. Thus we find recorded that not long after the young Captain had taken leave of his noble friends, "he fell in with the American schooner *Betsy*, laden with dye-wood, from Boston to Bordeaux, and seized her." Two or three pages further on we learn that "on 15th March Captain Hammond directed him to water his vessel in the Old Road of St. Kitts, and proceed to the mouth of the Delaware, rendezvousing off Cape Henlopen." It is no wonder that the higher Elphinstone rose in the service the more is his biography made to swell on all sides. An admiral in command of a fleet has opportunities which do not fall to the lot of a captain of a ship. Thus we read that, during his command in the Mediterranean, "he had the pleasure of investing his colleague, Sir John Hely Hutchinson, with the Order of Knighthood of the Bath, in the midst of an assemblage of the officers of the army and of the fleet, and of the Maltese nobility." Should our readers, in their ignorance, ask who was Sir John Hely Hutchinson, we may answer, in the words of our author, that he was a man "whom history knows as Knight of the Bath." A few weeks after this investiture the fleet sailed to Gibraltar. Here the biographer gets an opportunity to which he does not do justice. Like his hero, he has his one chance of everlasting fame, and, like him, he misses it. He thus briefly skims over, as it were, two royal dukes, who ought to have had at least a chapter to themselves. There were no special correspondents, however, in those days, and it may be that Mr. Allardyce makes the best of his materials. The following lines certainly have a miserably meagre look when we come to them fresh from the latest telegrams in the *Times* about the growth of the Duke of Connaught's beard:—

While Lord Keith was at Gibraltar his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent arrived there to command the garrison. He was accompanied by his brother the Duke of Sussex, and much pleasant intercourse took place between the two royal dukes and the Admiral. The Duke of Sussex, however, soon went back to Lisbon.

Shortly afterwards Lord Keith sailed for England. The next paragraph shows how domestic was the nature of this naval hero. "He went home to his house in Harley Street as soon as the vessel anchored at Spithead. . . . Numerous congratulations from private individuals were waiting his arrival." No doubt he greatly enjoyed his residence in town, for "his genial character and conversational powers secured him a warm welcome in the highest circles." But his stay on land was not to be given up to repose. As his biographer records:—

On his arrival, he had full reason to believe that the Admiralty would be glad to utilize his services at no distant date. Meanwhile he devoted himself to the consideration of some important professional questions, among which were the difficulties that the King's ships encountered at the anchorage in Leith Roads, and the alternative advantages presented by Longanet, farther up the Firth of Forth, as a naval station.

Amidst such duties as these he nevertheless found time to get married a second time. His wife was in every way worthy, not only of him, but, we may add, of his biographer. She was the eldest of the Miss Thrales, and was already known as Dr. Johnson's "Queenie." "She was a fair proficient in the lighter accomplishments of music and painting, . . . and she had applied herself to strengthen her mental faculties by the severe studies of perspective, fortification, Hebrew, and mathematics." In the last of these studies

she had acted, we might hazard the guess, on the advice given by Dr. Johnson to one of her sisters. "Never think, my Sweet," he wrote to her, "that you have arithmetic enough; when you have exhausted your master, buy books." We could wish that some one had advised our author in his youth never to think that he had French enough. It might have saved him from the grossest blunders. We often laugh at the English that we come across in French books; but we doubt whether Mr. Allardyce's French is not worse than the most ignorant Frenchman's English. He gives a long account of Napoleon's surrender after the battle of Waterloo, in which Lord Keith was concerned as Commander of the Channel Fleet. He is not content with telling the story in English, but—to give it an air of life, we suppose—he interlards it with scraps of French. Thus we come across such phrases as the following:—"Le Empereur était là"; "I am come here voluntarily," said he, "me placer sous les foyers le votre nation"; "Une vaisseau, une village, tout cela est égal"; "Je prefers la mort ici"; "Il rendra au gouvernement la réponse qui j'ai donné." In the following passage, in which is described a scene between Napoleon and Lord Keith, Mr. Allardyce's French in its imaginativeness is almost a match for the French author's mendacity:—

L'Empereur par un mouvement convulsif posa la main sur cette épée, qu'un Anglais osa demandé. L'expression terrible de son regard fu sa seule réponse. Jamais elle n'avait été plus puissante plus sur humaine le vieil amiral se sentit foudroyé. Sa grande taille s'affaissait sa tête blanchie par les anees tomba sur sa poitrine comme celle d'un coupable, qui s'humilie devant sa condamnation.

The gallant old Admiral who did such good service at the siege of Toulon, conquered the Cape of Good Hope, captured eight Dutch men-of-war without firing a shot, and commanded the fleet which conveyed Abercromby's forces to Aboukir, surely deserved a better fate than to have his memory hopelessly overwhelmed by the biography in which it was meant to be revived and continued. In his life he was fortunate in a high degree. So highly was he favoured by the Admiralty that, even after the battles of Cape St. Vincent and the Nile, he was sent to the Mediterranean to command, not only the fleet, but Nelson himself. But his good fortune has at length failed him, and he has fallen a victim to an enemy whom, likely enough, he never dreaded in life, but from whom no hero is ever secure.

#### LESLIE STEPHEN'S ETHICS.\*

(Second Notice.)

IN our former article on this work we reserved the consideration of particular topics of modern ethical discussion in the light thrown on them by Mr. Leslie Stephen's treatment. These topics may for our present purpose be described and arranged as follows. First comes the theory of pleasure and pain as motives of action. Then an estimate has to be formed of the modern doctrine of organic development or evolution in its effect on this theory, and as enlarging or superseding the system of utilitarianism. Morality being treated as before all things social (which, as we have already said, is Mr. Stephen's fundamental position), we have to examine the operation of social motives in the individual, which carries with it the burden of enunciating some kind of theory of the sympathetic feelings and of altruism. The nature of moral judgment, and the sanction of moral rules as presented to the individual agent, also demand attention. Under this head come some excellent discussions of Mr. Stephen's which we have no room to notice further than by this indication. We would call the philosophical reader's attention in particular to what he says of the conception of merit, as the value attached by society to this or that kind of virtue. And there is more or less mixed up in all these inquiries the interminable puzzle of free-will, which, unhappily, is always with us in the domain of the practical reason. Perhaps it will be as well to take the last point first.

It seems to us that the only way to keep a clear head among its difficulties is to set out, as Mr. Stephen does, from the social aspect of morals. Whatever the metaphysical analysis of intelligent action may lead us to, the existence of moral rules and precepts assumes as a fact of experience a certain approximate uniformity of relation between character and conduct. The moral law says to each of us in the interest of the community, "Be just"; which would have no meaning if it were not supposed to be known that the just man will in a particular case act justly. We may not be sure, it is true, that a just man will not act unjustly under some extraordinary temptation. But this is as much as to say that we do not perfectly know that man's character; we may have been able to observe it only under ordinary circumstances, or we may only know that he has behaved as a just man on occasions when it was his obvious interest to do so. Perhaps he will behave unjustly when a real trial comes, and then we shall say that he has belied his character; meaning, however, not that he has become different from what he was, but that he never was that which we and the world supposed him to be. When the discrepancy is extreme, as when a thrifty man suddenly becomes extravagant, or a cautious man and of few words becomes rashly garrulous, we do not set it down to the freedom of his will, but we say that his mind is diseased and call in the physician. And there are cases of intimate knowledge and trust in which a man's friend will regard, and justly regard, the suggestion of his doing a

\* *The Science of Ethics*. By Leslie Stephen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1882.

mean or selfish action with exactly the same feeling as the suggestion that a river may sometimes run uphill.

Will and choice are fundamental facts in human action; but whatever be the nature of choice, and whatever the testimony of consciousness about our own action, we all order our life on the assumption that other men do not act and choose without cause, and that the causes can be estimated, and their consequences foreseen, with a reasonable approach to exactness. To this extent every practical rule of life, and therefore also morality, has to be determinist if it is to mean anything. The transcendentalist will say that this is true, and that his theory of free-will is consistent with it. In that case there is no need, for social and practical intents, either to admit or to dispute it. On the other hand, morality has to assume liberty in this sense, that action is a function of character, and not only of surroundings. What a man does depends on what he is; he is not the creature of motives in the narrow sense of external stimulus. How this or that stimulus will be answered must be an indeterminate problem till we know that on which it operates. There is a crude generalization of motives which passes for worldly wisdom and apes philosophical determinism, and which would be really destructive of ethics if it were admitted. Were it impossible, as this false wisdom assumes, to annul or greatly reduce by the discipline of society the strength of anti-social motives, there would really be no such thing as character, and it would naturally be not worth while to cultivate a chimera. The secret of civilization and morals would be nothing but the selfishness of the majority. Nor should we have any better assurance of the stability of any human institution whatever than a more or less precarious expectation of selfishness being, on the whole, enlightened. Ethics can no more do without freedom, in the sense of the power of character, than it can do without necessity, in the sense of the constancy, or rather the continuity, of character.

The question of hedonism occurs, in Mr. Stephen's treatment, as an incident in the theory of motives. In one sense hedonism is reducible to a truism. All voluntary action is for some purpose, and every purpose is the result of some desire. This is true whether the object of the desire be an enjoyment of sense, an advance in intellectual or spiritual perfection, or the procurement of some good to others. We act, then, from desire, and it seems at first sight to be a further substantive proposition that we desire things because they are pleasant. But what is pleasure? Something—and, in our opinion, something of much importance—may be said of the conditions and significance of pleasure as regards general well-being. As a matter of psychology, however, we can say nothing of pleasure save that it is the state of fulfilled desire, or that desire is the anticipation of pleasure. That which is desired while out of possession is (assuming the relevant conditions not to change in the meantime) pleasant when brought into possession. That which appears pleasant is desired, and that which is desirable is pleasant. "Happiness is known to us solely as that which men desire; to say, then, that they desire happiness is to say that they desire what they desire." But this apparent truism implies a truth which, though to our mind obvious, is capable of contradiction; namely, that action is always determined by a motive, and that the motive must be of the nature of emotion. Reason and emotion are in fact inseparable, but it is the emotion, not reasoning or judgment as such, that determines action. "It is more accurate to say that my conduct is determined by the pleasantest judgment than to say that it is determined by my judgment of what is pleasantest." The neglect of this distinction, as Mr. Stephen shows in detail, is apt to lead to much needless difficulty. Thus the theory of motive, simple as its elements are, has a critical value of some importance. It will not by itself give us a theory of ethics, but it shuts out sundry false issues. As to the connexion between pleasure and utility, there is a sense in which that also is an affair of truism. "Every pleasure is so far good"; and, as regards individual feeling, whatever makes for pleasure is useful, or utility, as a quality of any thing or relation among things, is the potential satisfaction of desire. The physiological aspect of organic evolution, however, supplies cogent evidence and reasons (which Mr. Stephen somewhat underates, we think) to the effect that pleasure is in the main an index of benefit, and pain of mischief, to the organism which feels it; and it is no real exception to this that in many cases a particular injury, with the accompanying pain, is for the organism as a whole preferable as the least of imminent evils. This establishes a point of contact between the pure theory of motives, which by itself will not carry us far, and the natural history of action as a means of self-preservation and well-being. And, when we take into account the further fact of natural history that human life is social and not merely individual, we are brought into relation with the general conception of social welfare which is the fundamental postulate of ethics. We say postulate, for ethics cannot prove that there is such a thing as happiness or virtue any more than it can make men good. A theory of motives, as Mr. Stephen says, cannot itself be a motive. The demands made on the moral philosopher by sceptics on the one hand and theologians on the other are like expecting to make a breach in a wall with a treatise on gunnery. Not all the gunnery in the world will break down a wall without powder and shot, and a gun that will go off; but we do not therefore consider gunnery futile.

The effect of this view upon utilitarianism is to make us regard the utilitarian system as not exactly wrong, but inadequate. As a protest against arbitrary dogmatism of various kinds it had, and

still has, great value. Where it falls short is in assuming as the end and criterion of morality that which is only an indication, though a good working indication for most purposes. The utilitarian makes happiness the sole and sufficient test. The evolutionist (to use for the present a rather awkward word) aims at the health of the social organism, with which happiness generally coincides. Practically we are content in a working estimate of conduct or institutions to make out the resulting balance of pleasure or pain. In the broad fields of economy and legislation utilitarianism has a proper and beneficent function. When we attempt to attach an absolute value to pleasure, and make it the subject of a quasi-mathematical calculation, we find that the method involves two vicious assumptions. It deals with society as a mere aggregation of individuals, and neglects the organic action of society in modifying individual character, and the reaction of the modified individual character on the structure of society itself. Thus the pure old-fashioned utilitarianism gives us abstractions instead of realities, and they sometimes differ from the reality to an extent which is grotesque. This leads to the further mistake of ascribing to human character, in general and in any given community, a fixity which it has not. Utilitarianism gives us solutions corresponding to the instantaneous values, as we may call them, of data which are really variable. Such solutions are worth having, because the variation is gradual and continuous. Still the variation is there, and no universal solution is possible. Morality consists in a series of approximate solutions of a problem which is always shifting. The very fact of an advance at any point of morality tends to raise the standard all round, and create a noble discontent with what satisfied former generations.

Concerning the operation of social motives in the individual (which is the most interesting and the most difficult topic of moral philosophy), Mr. Stephen premises that no particular reason appears why the pleasure of others should not, as a matter of natural history or psychology, count for something among one's own pleasures—that is, among the objects of desire. It is often assumed that there is something unnatural in desiring other people's pleasure; if this were so, human nature would be inadequate to produce morality, and this is in some cases the conclusion sought, for the further purpose of removing the whole of morality into the sphere of supernatural ordinance. Mr. Stephen endeavours to show that sympathy not only may be, but is, one of the deepest facts in human nature. His reasons are ingenious, philosophical, and new so far as we know. He refers sympathy not merely to our intercourse with our fellow-men, and the necessity of entering into their feelings if we are to live tolerably with them, but to our very knowledge that they exist as men. We cannot know directly what another man thinks or feels; we can form an opinion of what he is thinking or feeling only by imagining ourselves in his condition. "Put yourself in his place" is in this aspect "a logical rule implied in the earliest germs of reason"—"a description of reasoning itself, so far as it deals with other sentient beings." There is no such thing as absolute egoism; an absolute egoist, in the sense of a man who took no account whatever of others' feelings and did not represent them to himself in terms of his own, would not be a rational being. This is not yet altruism, or the desire of another's welfare for its own sake (as much for its own sake, that is, as anything else we desire), but it is the first condition of it. Sympathy need not lead to beneficent action; it may lead only to shrinking from action or to idle emotion; but it supplies, on the whole, a strong motive for beneficence, and one which, as Mr. Stephen has for the first time fully pointed out, is necessarily always present in some degree. And men living in society are trained to cultivate sympathy to an extent which enables the best of them to accept self-sacrifice at need in the interest of the community or of friends. Mr. Stephen repudiates attempts to explain away self-sacrifice on hedonistic or other grounds. He holds that there really are cases where the path of duty is not the path of happiness, but the good man will take the path of duty. He also holds it impossible to demonstrate to the man who is not good, or in an extreme case to the average man who, though not bad, is not heroic, that the path of duty is better for him to follow. Moralists labour to prove that the social and the individual interest always coincide. But they labour in vain to prove too much. For if this complete coincidence really existed, the world would be perfect, or as nearly so as could consist with error of judgment being possible. The Socratic theory of virtue would be true without qualification, and men could do wrong only by misreckoning. Some readers may be disappointed at the frankness with which Mr. Stephen dismisses certain perplexities as insoluble, for the present if not altogether. To our mind this is one of the great merits of his work. Few modern philosophical books dealing with matter of such extent and importance have been so free from dogmatism and hasty ambition, or have said so little which further research and reflection are likely to contradict.

#### A GUIDE TO MODERN ENGLISH HISTORY.\*

IF originality of manner, epigrammatic crispness of style, and stimulating suggestiveness of thought suffice to make a good history, then no work better deserving that description has been

\* *A Guide to Modern English History.* By William Cory. Part I. 1815-1830. Part II. 1830-1835. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1882.



produced for some years than these two volumes. We are not indeed quite prepared to admit the definition just given, but, if it be admitted, Mr. Cory's book takes the benefit of it without the smallest doubt. He tells us in his preface that it grew out of "an attempt to give some account of English politics to a foreign guest who was reading English history"—this guest "not being a Christian nor an European." Unless Mr. Cory's heathen was an exceedingly intelligent heathen, and unless he already possessed considerable acquaintance with the facts of the period, we do not know that we should have prescribed these two volumes as the best vehicle of conveying those facts to him. But to any one who has already an acquaintance with the facts, the book can hardly fail to be of great interest and value. It is curious how often this limitation (which amounts, in other words, to saying that most living writers write historical essays, and not history) has to be made. But it is very seldom that an historical essay of such brilliancy as this occasions the remark.

Mr. Cory's two volumes, which have appeared at some little interval, are not constructed on the same lines, a fact which the author half acknowledges and half attempts to explain away in the preface to the second. On the whole, we greatly prefer the first for more reasons than one. In the first place, the reader discovers in it an evident and successful attempt at that chastised proportion of form and plan which is exceedingly rare in contemporary writing. In some two hundred and seventy pages the author not merely surveys rapidly the eighteenth century, and gives in a kind of appendix of "Supplementary Statements" a *résumé* of his special period, which is of singular literary flavour, but sketches that period itself in sufficient detail and with excellent attention to perspective. No one, probably, would advise the reading of this book by very ignorant students, because such readers would miss the point of its epigrams, be bewildered by its quaint side views, and fail to find in it sufficient hard fact to nourish them. But as a sketch of the period for men and not children, we hardly know a better book. Of its curious and entirely unborrowed style the following miniature anthology from the Supplementary Statements will give a fair idea:—

1815. *March*.—A Norwich mob tried hard to kill, for supporting the Corn Law, Mr. Coke, M.P., then aged 60, who during the tenure of his estates invested half a million pounds in reclaiming and fertilising land.

1817. *November 19*.—The Princess Charlotte was buried. There were funeral sermons on that day in all Scottish Churches except Mr. Andrew Thompson's; he would not preach till the next Sunday.

1820. *February 27*.—Three English judges said they thought it lawful to place deadly engines in game preserves; Mr. Sydney Smith thought they were wrong.

1821. *February*.—Mr. Keats, the best poet, died, aged 24.

*May 5*.—General Bonaparte died. To George IV., then in Ireland, it was announced: "Sire, your greatest enemy is dead." "When did she die?" asked the King, assuming that it was his wife that had died.

1822. *August*.—Lord Castlereagh, otherwise called Londonderry, died.

Mr. Canning, his rival, wept on being told of this.

1824. *April 19*.—The Austrian Emperor paid 2,500,000*l.* of the 6,000,000*l.* formerly lent by the King of England during the great war; therefore the House of Commons spend 500,000*l.* on building churches, 500,000*l.* on rebuilding Windsor Castle, and 57,000*l.* on buying Mr. Angerstein's pictures for a National Gallery of Art.

1826. *January*.—Sir Walter Scott, a country gentleman, and a supreme man of letters, became a bankrupt through over-trading; in the next five years he cleared off 70,000*l.* of debt by writing good books, working fourteen hours a day.

1828. *October 2*.—Lord Melbourne discovered that the Duke of Wellington was not quite so great a man as he was generally thought.

1830. *July 29*.—Mr. Grote, a philosopher, gave 500*l.* to help the revolutionists of Paris.

Not many better examples of the "Amontillado manner" have recently been printed than some of these.

In the second volume the grasp of the subject, and the consequent observance of literary perspective, seem to be distinctly loosened. Instead of two hundred and seventy pages for fifteen years, we have five hundred and fifty for less than five. The appetizing Supplementary Statements do not appear; the general style, though still good on the whole, passes too frequently into conceits, such as "Parties permeable to the currents of noble discontent," "Running this little bead of crime along the string of generalising memory," and the like. The political views, which in the first volume are curiously irreconcilable with any precise catalogued form of party opinion, become more definitely partisan; and the great vice of modern writing, the tendency to write "about and about" particular points and persons, instead of dismissing each with its severe and sufficient proportion of the whole space available, is distinctly apparent. But it is only by comparison with itself that the book can be evil spoken of. Contrasted with almost any other historical work of the day, the freshness and crispness of its view, the excellence of its style, and the occasional acuteness of its reflections stand out most remarkably. The author appears to be a person of strong prejudices. He never loses an opportunity for a slash at law and lawyers; his religious utterances are ambiguously unorthodox; and politically he seems to be a Republican, with a craze to the effect that the Republic must be administered by gentlemen—which may be said to be, historically and philosophically, a contradiction in terms. However, if Mr. Cory is weak in abstract politics (and his remarks on the doctrine of majorities show him certainly not to be strong), his favourite contradiction secures very impartial treatment to the two great English parties. His affection for "gentlemen," in which he seems almost to equal the late lamented Captain Shandon, makes him mild to the Tories while he disapproves their principles, and his affection for an aristocratic Re-

public makes him smile with all his beams on the Whigs. Thus he sees the best of Lord Castlereagh and the best of Lord Grey, but is remarkably severe on Cobbett and Daniel O'Connell. But the most comic result of his idiosyncrasy is the exaggerated affection he has for the period covered by his second volume. The reason of this is easily discovered. For the first reformed Parliament, though it did very democratic things, did them by very aristocratic hands. Mr. Cory would probably be happy at any time to see Church revenues redistributed and rotten boroughs cut away, slaves emancipated and municipal corporations reformed. But when these things are done by Grays and Stanleys, Russells and Spencers, a *douce ivresse* comes on him, and he thinks he sees the pattern State in action. Let us add, to define Mr. Cory's position still better, that he is a ferocious Jingo. His account of the battle of Waterloo is really one of the finest and most spirited things that we know on the subject, and he evidently rejoices in Lord Palmerston. We have probably said enough to indicate to the imagination of the reader a very original handling of history. But it should be added that Mr. Cory's equipment of positive knowledge appears to be considerable, and that his use of it, though occasionally startling, is generally in accordance with strict fairness. He is one of the few historians who, sympathizing strongly with the Reform Bill, make no attempt to deny that the Treasury bought seats right and left, so as to strengthen themselves by the very abuse they were attacking. We have only noted one very serious misrepresentation, and even that is one of suggestion partly. Mr. Cory says that "the modern aristocracy which after the dethronement of James II. reviewed the institutions of Britain pronounced honestly and prudently in favour of a statute by which it was ordained that if a Parliament had lasted seven years, the Sovereign should call on the people to form another." A more astonishing account than this of the Septennial Act could hardly be given. In the first place, as Mr. Cory must surely know, the "aristocracy which reviewed," &c., pronounced in favour of a statute which ordained the term of three years, not of seven, which term was observed for nearly a quarter of a century. In the second place, as he must surely know likewise, the Septennial Act itself, though it certainly was prudent in the sense that it secured power in the hands that possessed it, was one of the most dishonest as well as most unconstitutional enactments ever placed on the statute-book, inasmuch as members who held powers from the constituencies for three years calmly gave themselves four years more without giving the electors a chance of pronouncing their opinion. In fact, the Septennial Act, however well it may have worked since, and however far the next election may be taken to have indemnified its proposers, was for the time the negation of representative and constitutional government altogether. But it was the work of the Whig aristocracy, and the Whig aristocracy is to Mr. Cory the fairest birth of time. So he falls victim to the fascinations of that Delilah, though, we really believe, on this occasion only.

We can only, in a necessarily limited space, afford to give a very few examples of Mr. Cory's stimulating and maieutic method of dealing with history. The following character of the Duke of Wellington is, however, worth extracting:—

The English general who stood first without a rival was the Duke of Wellington. He was probably the greatest man that ever was sincerely content to serve. During his fifty years of conspicuous public life he accepted every opportunity of serving the State as naturally as a horse takes food, and he conformed to all law and all social obligation just as if he had no self-love. He never set up for a statesman, but in giving counsel and in getting things done he surpassed those Englishmen and those foreigners who made their business to frame and execute a policy. If he had been enthusiastic, he could not have been more daring; if he had been trained in philosophy, he could hardly have been more judicious. So far from being an enthusiast or a philosopher, he was substantially a man of pleasure, and he was not without hardness of heart. It cost him no effort to be perfectly truthful, although he could not always so completely rule his tongue or his pen as not to scold or scoff a little more than he intended. Though not a professor of friendship, he was attached to his like-minded master in politics, Lord Castlereagh; and when the meeting of Parliament compelled the First Commoner to go home, he took his place at Vienna just as one partner succeeds another in trading.

We wish we could follow this up by the ironical description of the siege of Bhurtapore, but it is too long. So is that of Lord Exmouth's action at Algiers, which, however, contains one of Mr. Cory's characteristic strokes in the remark that "the Algerines made slaves of all sorts of Europeans, or, as they were commonly called, Christians." The conceitedness into which, as has been said, this pointed style too often passes, may be illustrated by this curious commendation of the actor's art:—"The graciousness of the human body, when manifest in a lady such as Mrs. Siddons or Miss O'Neill, draws some of the most virtuous of men and women into worship, and the human race is exalted and endeared by the looks and tones of beautiful persons who attune themselves to glorious fiction." The literary observations of the book are rare and sometimes prejudiced, but often admirably sharpened, as in the remarks on Wordsworth that "of modern life he had a peasant's knowledge modified by newspapers," and that "in his later years he strained himself to work out in verse a treatise on scenery, which, as a cure for mental distemper, he overvalued." Still better is this admirable cameo of Lord Grey. "He had lived sixty-six years without dignity, without pleasure, without popularity. He had not had enough to do. When called to action he was not senile, but he had some of the peevishness of a recluse. He seemed to his most sensible colleague never to be satisfied with anything done either by another or by himself." When we are told that "the spring and the autumn of 1831, the spring and autumn of 1832, gave three

distinct points of heightened passion—there are the balanced powers, the arrested certainties, the blazing and smoking fears of parties behaving like persons; the danger of the style is once more shown. But this is again excellent. "To a genuine Whig the State seems the noblest work of man, nor can he conceive the State without leading families, accountable Ministers, and executive powers justifying themselves by persuasive speech." It is perhaps not unfair to take this as a definition of Mr. Cory's own attitude, though in his book he sometimes exaggerates the Republican element of Whiggism. It is in every way a remarkable book, and we shall look with much interest for future volumes, hoping only that Mr. Cory will observe the proportions rather of his first than of his second. For the huge histories of recent years are something of a nuisance, and excess in length is especially to be avoided when what a writer has to give is not so much a display of facts as ironical and luminous comment upon them.

#### OLD CHURCH PLATE IN THE DIOCESE OF CARLISLE.\*

UNDOUBTEDLY the most remarkable feature in the very interesting temporary museum formed at the recent meeting of the Archaeological Institute at Carlisle was the collection of old Communion plate from the churches and chapels of the diocese. Such an exhibition of the Church plate of a diocese we believe to be quite unprecedented. Indeed it is only under exceptional circumstances that vessels of this sacred character, whose use is happily becoming much more frequent, can be brought together so as to admit of chronological examination and comparison. The volume before us, containing an inventory with detailed descriptions of the old Church plate in the present diocese of Carlisle, illustrated in many cases with woodcuts and lithographs, affords a proof of the growing interest taken by both clergy and laity in the preservation of these interesting historical relics. Miss Goodwin, the daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle, contributes papers, embracing four of the deaneries, which are among the clearest and most instructive of the whole series; and the editor of the volume, to whose energy it owes its existence, and who has been the moving spirit of the whole work, is also a layman, Mr. R. S. Ferguson, the present Mayor of Carlisle.

The advantages of such a detailed examination of the ecclesiastical plate of a diocese are too evident to be dwelt upon. It affords an occasion for a rummage in neglected corners of the parish repositories, which may be rewarded by fortunate discoveries, though not always of such a priceless treasure as the hitherto unknown mediæval chalice of Old Hutton—one of a class so rare in England that, according to Mr. W. J. Cripps, all the important examples now left may be counted on the fingers. But there is no time to lose. Eleven years ago Mr. Octavius Morgan wrote, "The older chalices are fast disappearing, the clergymen and churchwardens frequently preferring the look of a large new chalice to the original smaller cups of earlier and more simple form." Mr. Manning feelingly laments over the quantity of Elizabethan and other old plate which has been disposed of of late years, "especially in churches where high ritual prevails," for modern plate of mediæval pattern. "However beautiful and fitting these may be" (Mr. Cripps, however, says that some of them "cannot be thought of without a shudder of horror"), "it would be better to keep the old plate, at a slight additional expense," more especially since "without a faculty the sale is illegal." Such notices as the following are only too frequent in this volume:—"This cup was sold in part payment for new plate nine years ago"; "This cup was disposed of in favour of a showy set of electroplate"; "The silver chalice with the cover were exchanged away by a recent incumbent for others of base metal." At Caldbeck the silver vessels were actually sold for the repairs of the church. This, however, was more than sixty years since; such a scandalous act would be impossible now.

The history of the Rose Castle plate is curious and instructive. On Bishop Waldegrave's entering on the see he found the private chapel of his palace destitute of eucharistic vessels. To supply this defect a modern set was presented by a layman of the diocese. It was known, however, that the munificent Bishop Smith, who, when Dean, had given to his cathedral the fine set of silver gilt plate now in use, had presented his chapel at Rose with the necessary vessels for the celebration of Holy Communion, and bequeathed them for the use of his successors in his will. These vessels had been known to be in use in Bishop Percy's time. What had become of them? On inquiry, it was discovered that on that prelate's death the communion plate "had been packed up by mistake, and gone with the rest of his silver to his son, by whom it was recognized from the armorial bearings." "It is a fortunate circumstance," adds Miss Goodwin, "that vessels to which so much interest is attached were thus recovered." Bishop Percy's name comes before us again in connexion with an ancient sacramental cup, once belonging—may we not, in view of the illegality of the transfer, say, still belonging?—to the church of High Ireby. This is now in private hands, having been given to the lady of the manor by the churchwardens "as a memorial of the gift of a new communion service, and of the baptism of her son in the new church by the Rt. Rev. Hugh Percy, Lord Bishop

of Carlisle, A.D. 1848." We may echo Miss Goodwin's words that "though this cup is carefully preserved, it is much to be hoped that it may one day find its way back to the church with which it has been connected for nearly 300 years." A cup belonging to St. Cuthbert's, Carlisle, has recently been restored to that church by a silversmith of that city, in whose warehouse it had long stood, having been purchased, or taken in exchange, by his father when he made a new cup for the parish. So good an example may well be extensively followed.

It is interesting to learn from the Rev. H. Whitehead's contribution to this volume that these historic communion cups, cast out by the parishes for which they were made centuries back, and the names of which they usually bear, find ready purchasers among American churchmen, who buy them for their own churches, and value them all the more for the inscriptions which tell that they once belonged to ancient parish churches in the old home country. Mr. Whitehead appropriately adds:—"If our Elizabethan communion plate must needs disappear, it is well that it falls into such good hands. But it were better it should not disappear, nor will its custodians be willing to part with it when they come to know its interest and value."

The historical value of Church plate, as illustrating the progress of the Reformation, is a subject to which attention has only recently been directed. The results are curious and instructive. The present volume affords curious illustrations of the gradual decay of ecclesiastical art, which there can be little doubt might be paralleled in every diocese throughout England. The exquisite mediæval chalice recently discovered at Old Hutton, to which reference has already been made, is an example of the form usually adopted in pre-Reformation times. "It may be assigned," writes Miss Goodwin, "to the middle of the fifteenth century, and will take a place amongst the earliest examples of English Church plate now in existence." It is thus described:—"The bowl, between a cone and hemisphere, is supported on a hexagonal stem divided into two parts by a knop, formed by six short square arms projecting from the angles of the stem, and each terminating in a head of Our Saviour crowned with thorns. Between the heads is flowing pier and Gothic tracery. The stem rests on a curved hexagonal foot"—a form adopted to prevent the chalice rolling when laid on its side to drain. "There is a representation of the Crucifixion in one of the compartments"—that being the side which the celebrant always kept before him during the time of celebration. This beautiful cup so closely resembles the well-known example at Nettlecombe, in Somerset, figured by Mr. Cripps, that it may be not improbably thought to be by the same maker. To what fortunate local circumstance its preservation is due is not known. It is one of the very small remnant that escaped the fanatical feeling which, regarding with abhorrence everything connected with the Popish Mass, pursued even into private hands every article which had been profaned by use at that idolatrous service, that it might be purged in the melting-pot, and cease to offend Protestant sensibilities—one of the many evidences that the desire was to make the breach between the old Mass and the new Communion as complete and as clearly visible as possible. Everywhere a "communion cup"—made after a novel fashion, unseen on altars before—was to replace the old "massing chalice." To possess one of these proscribed vessels and to abstain from giving it up to the Sovereign's Commissioners was a high crime and misdemeanour. So stringent, indeed, were the injunctions and so searching the inquiries set on foot, that it is almost a wonder that any of these "monuments of superstition" still remain. Even as late as 1569 we find the following inquiry in Archbishop Parker's Visitation Articles, "Whether they do minister in any prophane cuppes, bowles, dishes, or chalices heretofore used at Masse, or els in a decent communion cuppe provided and kept for the same purpose only." Similar inquiries appear in most of the Visitation Articles of the period. The chalice was again specially forbidden by Grindal in 1571, when Archbishop of York, and the use of "a communion cup of silver, with a cover of silver for the administration of the Communion bread," was strictly enjoined. "This injunction of Grindal's," it is remarked, "accounts for cups of the date of 1571 being prevalent, not only in this diocese"—where, however, Elizabethan communion cups are not so frequent as in some others—"but throughout the Province of York."

All these newly-made Elizabethan communion cups, sown broadcast over the country, were of one pattern, and even their decoration was almost identically the same. "They are found everywhere," writes Mr. Cripps, "and of the same form and bearing the same style of ornamentation, from one end of England to the other"; "two narrow fillets interlace or cross each other, with a particular curvature, in every instance the same; the space between being occupied by a scroll of foliage, with a total absence of letters, monograms, emblems, or figures of any kind." The form of this Reformation communion cup is, in the main, that generally prevalent in our churches previously to the recent revival of mediæval fashions. The Elizabethan communion cup differs from the old chalice both in size and shape. The restoration of the cup to the laity necessarily involved the provision of a much larger vessel than one intended for the communion of the celebrant alone. Some of the cups of this date stand as much as a foot high, and can hold nearly a quart of wine. The difference of shape is chiefly in the bowl, the form of which is altogether changed. Instead of being a wide, shallow receptacle, it is elongated into a truncated cone, slightly bell-shaped, and much taller than of old. A cover is pro-

\* *Old Church Plate in the Diocese of Carlisle.* Edited by R. S. Ferguson, M.A., F.S.A. Carlisle: Thurnam & Sons. London: George Bell & Sons, 1882.



vided for the cup in the paten, which has a rim fixed to the edge to fit over the brim of the cup, a foot being added, which serves also as a handle for removing the cover, "as though it were intended to place the Wine in the chalice and cover it with the paten-cover until the administration of the sacrament, when the cover would be removed and used as a paten for holding the Bread."

We have fine examples of the Elizabethan communion cup in the three belonging to St. Bees—two of them parcel-gilt—the largest of which may be identified with "my communion cup with the cover doble gylte," named in the will of Archbishop Grindal as a bequest to the parish of which he was a native. The date-letter is for 1570-1, the year of the issue of Grindal's injunction already mentioned. The paten-covers of all three are unfortunately lost. As a perfect example, preserving its cover, we may instance a cup of old York silver of the year 1682, belonging to the church of Windermere, described as "remarkable for its beauty of shape and simplicity of design." In marked contrast with these magnificent vessels are the diminutive, roughly-fashioned cups which, after "some narrow escapes of the melting-pot," are still found in some of the remote rural parishes of the diocese. That of Hayton, only four inches high, Mr. Cripps writes, "is the very smallest of all the village communion cups I have ever seen, and I have now seen several hundreds of them." It may probably belong to the year 1560-1. Other hamlet chapels, such as those of Castle Carrock, Wastdale, Uldale, and Orton, preserve small cups manufactured in the same rude artistic manner, for a description of which we must refer to Miss Goodwin's account of the Wastdale plate. Croglin once had a still more diminutive silver cup and cover, weighing only between three and four ounces, described by those who had seen it as "footless, stemless, and cracked." This has now gone to the melting-pot.

In so poor a diocese as Carlisle there were not a few parishes, especially in the more remote and mountainous districts, where silver was quite beyond the means of the parishioners, and the sacred vessels were commonly made of pewter. The terriers of 1749 show that in many of the deaneries nearly every parish possessed a set of vessels of this metal. Such utensils, however rude in form and humble in material, even setting aside their sacred destination, by no means deserve the contempt which they too often receive. The words of the pastoral of the Bishop of Carlisle on this subject deserve careful attention:—

It is very desirable that pewter vessels which have been used for the purposes of the Holy Communion should be carefully preserved, even when their place has been taken by silver utensils. There is a temptation to neglect them as of no value. But there is much of historical interest attaching to these pewter vessels, and they deserve a place in the treasury of the parish to which they belong.

Noble examples of sturdy pewter flagons belonging to the parish of Brampton, dating shortly before 1729, are figured at page 20 of this volume. Kirkland has three, by an amusing assertion of local independence—one for each of the townships constituting the parish, "though," writes Mr. Whitehead, "for what precise use, as at that time the three townships had but one church, it is less easy to conjecture." At the "very ancient and interesting church" of Over Denton the only plate in use consists of a pewter cup and paten. At Setmurthy, before the gift of a silver set by the present vicar on his institution, "a very battered pewter service" constituted the whole of the altar plate. Crosby Ravensworth possesses a two-handled fluted pewter porringer of a form very unusual in altar furniture (Mr. Cripps speaks of one made in 1708 which has ever since done duty as a chalice at a village church in Gloucestershire), though common enough as table plate in the reign of Queen Anne, of which Mr. Cripps remarks that, "as they have much attracted the attention of collectors, imitations have been manufactured by the cartload." At Winstar, in the deanery of Kendal, before the gift of a modern silver cup and paten, a pewter cup, "in form like a tea-cup with a handle," was the only representative of the chalice. In some cases, as at Seathwaite, the poorest pewter has been made to wear a false appearance by being electroplated. An almost superstitious fear of desecration has in some cases led to the destruction of these interesting historical memorials. At Crosthwaite, on the gift of a costly service of silver-gilt by a comparative stranger, the pewter flagon and alms-dish were broken up, that no profane use might be made of them; while in another parish in the diocese, the name of which is kept back, the vessels were "hurled into the depths of Buttermere Lake"; and in a third, equally nameless, they were "buried in the dead of night."

Together with these examples of a reverent shrinking from the possible secularization of sacred utensils, the diocese of Carlisle is not wanting in examples of the removal of cups from the side-board to the altar, thus dedicating to the service of religion pieces of plate originally used for festive purposes. Some of the most beautiful specimens of plate figured in this volume belong to this secular class. The churches of Holme Cultram, Bongate at Appleby, Westward, and Ambleside, have for chalices specimens of the tall standing cup or hanap with covers surmounted with a slender open-work spire, richly ornamented in repoussé work, with acanthus leaves and cockle-shells and flying supports simulating animal forms, so much in vogue in the first half of the seventeenth century, of which the halls of our City Companies exhibit many magnificent specimens. With all their sumptuous beauty, the aspect of these cups is too unmistakably secular to make them altogether suitable for religious service, and we are not surprised to learn that the

Ambleside cup is no longer in use. Brougham also possesses a peculiar cup of Nuremberg manufacture, the gift of "Lawyer Bird," steward to the famous Anne, Countess of Pembroke, on the reopening in 1666 of the ruined chapel of St. Wilfrid, close to the "Bird's nest," which the crafty man of business knew so well how to feather, now known as "Brougham Hall." The hanap at Appleby was presented by Bishop Nicolson c. 1630, on the repair of the parsonage, "to testify his satisfaction in so laudable a work." At Armathwaite, a silver beaker or ale cup takes the place of a chalice, the gift of Mrs. Catherine Skelton, of Armathwaite Hall. A rose-water basin, such as we are used to see at college feasts or civic banquets, serves as an alms-dish at Workington. However inappropriate to these purposes these utensils may be now thought, they are important historical links with the past, bearing witness to the spirit of the age as plainly as the mediæval chalice or the Elizabethan communion cup, and we hope the day may be far distant when they are consigned to the silversmith's melting-pot or to the cabinet of the curious, to spare the pockets of those who, while they condemn the taste of a bygone age, are slow to copy its munificence. Mr. Cripps says:—"Inferior as they may be from an ecclesiastical point of view to such models of mediæval art as the chalices at Nettlecombe and Oxford" (Trinity College and Corpus Christi), "they have an interest and value of their own that can never attach to the brand-new vessels decorated with sham jewels and nineteenth-century filagree-work that are obtained in exchange for them."

The diocese of Carlisle can show several examples of the funeral chalice and paten, which, as is well known, it was the custom to bury in the coffin with a departed priest. These insignia of office were naturally usually made of pewter or other base metal, but sometimes, in the case of bishops and higher ecclesiastics, vessels of more precious metal were deposited with them in the grave. Those found in the tombs of Bishops Seffrid and Hilary, successive occupants of the see of Chichester in the middle of the twelfth century, and of Bishop Grostête, of Lincoln, in the middle of the thirteenth, are of silver-gilt. Others discovered in episcopal graves in the same cathedrals are of pewter. These are the earliest examples of eucharistic vessels known, dating sometimes as far back as the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The Cumberland examples, of which lithographs are given, though of base metal and inferior workmanship, cannot be viewed without interest. They were discovered in the churchyards of Kirk-Oswald, Melmerby, and the hospital of St. Nicholas, Carlisle.

Two churches in the diocese, those of Kendal and Penrith, preserve examples of the small sacramental vessels for the communion of the sick which were not infrequent before the introduction of the pocket services now so universal. The cup and paten-cover at Kendal bear the inscription, "Given for the use of the sick communicants in parish of Kendall, 1728." Being kept at the vicarage for the convenience of the parish priest, and not in "y<sup>e</sup> Vestry Chest," it escaped when the rest of the Church plate, of which the parish had a magnificent supply, was stolen in 1776. A third example, with date-letters for 1601-2, once belonging to the chapelry of Whitehaven, has passed by purchase from a silversmith into private hands. Among other less usual articles of Church plate we may also mention a silver basin for baptisms at Cockermouth, given with a strong sense of fitness in 1772 by "Mrs. Ann Peel, Midwife." The spoon once forming part of the altar plate of the cathedral of Carlisle, for the removal of impurities from the sacramental wine, was unhappily sold by order of the Dean and Chapter in 1681, together with the old chalice and paten, having "become useless" through the gift of silver-gilt vessels by the munificent Dean Smith, the donor of the altar plate to the chapel at Rose Castle. A spoon is still part of the church plate at Maryport, but it is modern, given with the chalice by Mrs. Ann Wood at the beginning of this century. A pair of the very curious spoons used by the Celtic Church for the administration of the two distinct unctions in the sacrament of baptism, made of bronze, discovered in 1868 in some boggy ground near a spring in the parish of Crosby Ravensworth; in Westmoreland, are also illustrated in this volume.

It is curious to note the various sources from which church plate has been derived. The paten at Burneside was paid for out of a fine—"Ob posn. mult. dedicat hinc capella." The silver chalice in the same chapel bears the more appropriate motto, "Gratiarum ob actionem." The church plate at Field Broughton and Flookburgh—chapels to Cartmel—are memorials of "a devoted and affectionate wife." That at Patterdale, presented in 1850 by the Greenside Mining Company, is made of silver, extracted from the bowels of Helvellyn. In 1699 Mr. Henry Brougham left £1. to the use of Skelton Church, which Bishop Nicolson thought "ought to be employed in enlarging the Communion plate; tho' y<sup>e</sup> parson rather moves for a Finer pulpit and Reading desk." It would be curious to know how the sum was ultimately expended. Mr. John Calvert, the curate of Oumrew, "evidently a Church reformer in days when decency and order in Church matters were at a low ebb," has honourable mention in the church books for having "of his own voluntary charge" presented his chapel with a Communion Table, and "a flaggon for y<sup>e</sup> better service of y<sup>e</sup> Lord's Supper," and "alsoe hath given a Shilling towarde y<sup>e</sup> buying a Patten for y<sup>e</sup> consecrated bread at Communion." The churchwardens, however, are careful to guard his successors from suffering by their "present curator's" liberality by recording that "the things given are onely his free gift," and that future curates are not to be charged with the repair of them or replacing them when worn out.

It is somewhat amusing to find Bishop Nicolson in 1703 looking to "the Influence of Sir Wilfrid" to provide against "the defects of the cup" at Isell, which he judged much too small. It is to correct errors of excess rather than of defect that the present occupant of the see would now call in the aid of the bearer of Sir Wilfrid's name and the wielder of his "influence." We may remark that the ringers at Penrith in the eighteenth century were by no means wearers of "the blue ribbon." The members of that profession have indeed been seldom famous for temperance. In March 1716 we find this entry, "To William Brown, for ale the ringers had for cleaning the church plate." Mr. Whitehead adds:—"It is not stated how much ale the ringers had for the performance of this duty. Probably as much as they cared to drink; for they had lately rung many a peal and had drunk a good deal of ale in celebration of the discomfiture of the Old Pretender."

We may close our notice of this interesting contribution to ecclesiastical archaeology with the final sentence of the editor's preface, substituting his own name for that of "Mr. Chancellor Waugh." "Antiquaries owe a debt to Mr. Richard Saul Ferguson."

#### THE SHACKLES OF AN OLD LOVE.\*

WE fear that it will require a more skilful hand than "Mara's" to arouse the interest of the novel-reading public in the manners and customs of Indian society. There are of course the inevitable races and other garrison incidents, the tiresome repetition of Indian slang, which, happily perhaps, is unintelligible to the world at large, and the stock native functionary of forbidding and sinister aspect who murders his master, from motives which are perhaps somewhat hazily defined, but which are amply sufficient for the purpose of enabling every one to be very wise after the event. Beyond this, however, "Mara" does not venture; and those scenes which are laid in England or elsewhere than in India can hardly be described as indicative either of good taste or descriptive power. It must be admitted that there is no very great complication about the story. Captain the Hon. Eustace de Mowbray, of the 6th Hussars, is divided in his allegiance to his cousin, Lady Vixen Armytage, and Lady Radclyffe, formerly Miss Regina Vansittart, who we learn incidentally has been the "belle of the North-west Provinces." It is perfectly clear that there are "shackles" somewhere; but we must confess to having read the book through without having arrived at a clear understanding as to which of these ladies is the one by the shackles of whose love the gallant Captain is supposed to be embarrassed; or, in other words, which is the older love of the two. However, his affections seem decidedly to gravitate in the direction of Lady Radclyffe, with whom, previous to her marriage, we are given to understand that he has been on the most intimate terms; and as his cousin, Lady Vixen, his intimacy with whom appears to date from a much earlier period, invariably comes off second best when weighed in the balance with her rival, we are perhaps justified in assuming that the shackles of his love for Lady Radclyffe are to be considered the stronger of the two. For ourselves, we should be inclined to give the preference to Lady Vixen, in spite of her name, which, although doubtless admissible as a pet or family nickname, has not, as far as we are aware, been brought into habitual use by god-fathers and godmothers, even in the ranks of the Irish peerage. And we must confess that the portrait of "Regina Lady Radclyffe," as depicted by "Mara," does not altogether come up to our idea of a high-bred and queen-like woman. Our first introduction to her is by no means reassuring. Looking at herself in the glass an hour or two after her marriage, she shows a "dazzling but ominous gleam of teeth," and then informs her brother that she expects to "tire betimes" of her "lune de miel." This does not sound like a thoroughly satisfactory commencement of married life; and we are not altogether inclined to envy Sir Henry Radclyffe, the "fine soldier-like husband" to whom she has united herself. On the whole, however, the marriage turns out a fairly happy one; and the domestic complication which we are rather led throughout the book to expect never comes off. There are certainly plenty of "situations," and we seem constantly to be on the verge of a crisis. The principal characters are much given to passing their evenings in moonlit balconies, towers, and other secluded resorts, where they indulge to an unlimited extent in conversation that is, to say the least, of a highly confidential nature. But, somehow or other, they never seem to get any further; and generally separate in the most proper and matter-of-fact manner. This is, no doubt, just as it should be; but we fear that there are some novel-readers who may not be altogether satisfied with such comparatively tame proceedings, and who may be disposed to complain of being done out of their fair allowance of sensation. Not that any one can possibly complain of want of variety or incident; for the narrative includes a murder, the would-be burial of a living person, a forcible incarceration in and escape from a sort of private reformatory, and various other episodes of everyday life.

We should perhaps be hardly justified in speaking of this work as an Indian novel pure and simple, for we are introduced in due course to scenes of more or less thrilling interest in Spain, Italy, and the neighbourhood of Bedford Square.

\* *The Shackles of an Old Love.* By Mara (Mrs. Wilkin). London: Allen & Co. 1882.

We are made acquainted, moreover, with various details respecting the manners and customs of "society," which cannot fail to be instructive. It is somewhat distressing to learn that Lady Vixen, for whom, as we have already observed, we have conceived sentiments approaching to regard, has recourse to alcoholic stimulants to drown the recollection of her faithless lover; but, as we are given to understand that this is an every-day occurrence among young ladies of the upper classes who find themselves in a similar position, we can only express our regret that such an objectionable practice should be so much in vogue, and our hope that it may soon become unfashionable. We trust that the book may not fall into the hands of any one who entertains misgivings as to the facilities afforded by the law to those who are anxious to get rid of their friends by shutting them up in private lunatic asylums or other similar institutions; for poor Lady Vixen's experience in this direction is certainly most uncomfortable. The nervous may however console themselves by observing that it is apparently just as easy to get out of one of these places as to get in, and we can only wonder that Lady Vixen should have remained there so long. The fortunes of this ill-used lady are a source of melancholy interest to us throughout, and although we feel that it was essential to the proper development of the story that she should be got rid of somehow, we are unable to restrain a tear over her untimely death. We consider, indeed, that her rival has a great deal to much the best of it; for, in addition to her own husband, to whom she is attached in a very proper and orthodox manner, and with whom, on the whole, she has a very good time, she contrives to monopolize the attentions of the gallant De Mowbray, over whose infidelity poor Lady Vixen is wearing her heart out in England, and whose position in regard to herself appears to be accepted on all sides as the most natural thing in the world, and by no one more so than by Sir Henry himself. So time passes pleasantly enough in India, and we are introduced to various phases of Indian society which may possibly be interesting to some readers, and some of which are certainly new to us. We are glad to learn that the tournament has been revived in all its mediæval glory in the garrison towns of India; but, although "Mara's" descriptions of garrison life and society are evidently the result of personal experience and observation, we cannot help fearing that some one has been so unfeeling as to practise upon her credulity as regards certain details of this performance. We read with some bewilderment of "wild charges" in "wave-like fashion," the noise of the encountering warriors resembling "the buzzing of a monster hive and the roar of a Woolwich infant combined"; while no one concerned seems to think anything of one of the combatants being mortally wounded, and several others rendered completely *hors de combat*. Nor have we altogether succeeded in grasping the precise end and object of this exciting military spectacle; though, when we read of one side springing to the lists and levelling a barrier, while certain of their opponents raise it again "with a vaulting bound from the off side," we seem to miss the clown and the paper hoops, and look instinctively for the "untamed steed of the desert" and other familiar features of the travelling circus. And, considering that the spectators must, with a few exceptions, have been either English or Hindoos, and that neither the Spanish nor Italian language has yet been adopted as the vernacular of India, we are rather puzzled to account for the applause of the audience finding vent in "loud vivas." We would certainly, however, recommend a perusal of this thrilling account to the promoters of the recent Grand Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, as we cannot but feel that they might pick up for their next entertainment some new ideas that might not otherwise have occurred to them. We have not space for more than a passing reference to the account of a "pig-sticking" expedition; but this also may repay perusal by any one who is in doubt as to how this particular branch of sport should be conducted. It is hardly necessary to say that in due course of time Sir Henry, who is a good deal older than his wife, is removed from the scene by the opportune bursting of a bloodvessel, and that Regina and her old lover are happily married.

We have said enough to indicate the tone and general character of *The Shackles of an Old Love*, which it certainly would be impossible to describe as a high-class novel. Nor has it even the questionable merit of being sensational; for, although "Mara" has evidently taken as her model the gifted author of *Under Two Flags* and other thrilling romances, her attempts at sensation are not, as a rule, supported either by the power of writing or the acquaintance with detail that are necessary to ensure success. The minor characters are feeble and unsatisfactory to the last degree. We are introduced to an exceedingly commonplace family of the name of Renfrewshire, who become mixed up somehow or other with the fortunes of the Radclyffes and De Mowbrays, but who fail to inspire us with the smallest amount of interest. It requires at all times a skilful artist to depict successfully the character of a wealthy and crusty old Scotchwoman of the middle classes; but we have seldom come across a greater failure than the attempt to embody such a character in the person of Mrs. Neale, a relative of the Renfrewshires. And as for Lady Radclyffe's brother Warren, who appears throughout in the conventional character of the light-hearted and irrepressible soldier, we can only trust that there are not many such snobs in the British army. The style of writing is in keeping with the substance of the book, and, with a few exceptions, is miserably careless and slipshod. We find, for instance, two sentences of nineteen and twenty-five lines re-



spectively, the composition of which, supposing it to be worth the trouble, it would be extremely difficult to analyse. We get quite bewildered with the incessant recurrence of French and other expressions in italics, which is both tiresome and unnecessary. Why a straw hat should be spoken of as a *chapeau de paille*, or a lady's "satin-tinted shoulders" be shrouded in a *carée de la dentelle de Bruxelles*, it is difficult to understand. And at times "Mara" assumes a colloquial style of which the taste is doubtful. Yet the book has its good points, and we are more than once led on to hope that it may improve. There are passages here and there that are not wanting in force; and the farewell scene between the faithless De Mowbray and Lady Vixen is really clever and effective. But we should recommend "Mara," before attempting another novel, to study carefully the works of some standard author, with a view to an improvement in style and composition, in both of which *The Shackles of an Old Love* is lamentably deficient.

## STATE PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.\*

(Second Notice.)

IN resuming our notice of this interesting volume, before we proceed to give some account as we promised of the remainder of Chapuys's despatches to the Emperor, we will say one word of regret as to the number of mutilated papers it contains. Here the editor could not help himself, and he has, according to precedent, inserted in each instance the whole despatch just as it exists, though in many cases it is absolutely impossible to detect any meaning from the detached parts of sentences and words. These papers are mostly from a volume in the Cotton Library which has been terribly injured by fire (Vitellius B. xiv.). In some cases we think the editor might have permitted himself to indulge in a little more conjecture, even though such guesses are liable to be upset by subsequent discoveries. We believe also that some few of these papers had been copied before the fire, and are amongst the James MSS. in the Bodleian Library. Amongst those of which it is impossible to make anything is a letter from Cranmer to the King dated from Dunstable May 10. Probably nothing has been lost, as it most likely contained the same intelligence as the letter written on the same day to Cromwell by Thomas Bedyll. But the most disappointing of these mutilated documents are the letters of Augustine ab Augustinis, a Mantuan physician who had been in Wolsey's employment and had evidently done some secret service which brought him into close relations with both Cromwell and the Duke of Norfolk. In some of these it would have been, perhaps, advisable to explain such allusions as occur, as such explanations might help to fill up the chasms made by fire in the document. Thus, for instance, in his letter of February 22, 1532, it would facilitate inquiry if, besides the date which has been added within brackets [xix. Feb. 1532], there had been also inserted the place from which Augustine was writing, as well as some explanations of the principal persons mentioned in the letter. Nevertheless, these volumes of Mr. Gairdner's have been so well executed that we feel we have scarcely the right to find fault because they do not possess every imaginable excellence. On the other hand, we may observe that more uniformity might sometimes have been expected—as, for instance, in two letters close together, Nos. 82 and 83, written by the Bishops of London and Exeter respectively. In the first we are informed, what almost everybody would have known, that the Bishop's name was Stokesley; whilst in the other case we are driven to the index to find out that John Exon means Voysey, a Bishop who afterwards became more notorious than he was in the reign of Henry VIII.

And now we resume our account of the Imperial ambassador's letters. As we have said, no one in England, or indeed out of it, knew so much of what was going on at Court as Chapuys. He had apparently almost unrestrained access to Catharine, and might obtain an interview with the King, or the Duke of Norfolk, or Cromwell whenever he signified a wish for it. Scarcely anything escaped his notice, and intelligence of everything that happened was instantly transmitted to the Emperor. Before the commencement of the year 1533, with which this volume begins, the Pope had, in three successive briefs, condemned the King's intercourse with Anne Boleyn, and directed him to take back his wife, and that on pain of excommunication. But such was Clement's miserable vacillation that he had issued them with the greatest reluctance, and it was evident that the threat of excommunication was not likely to be put speedily into execution. And the state of things at the moment might be briefly described as "France and England versus the Pope and the Emperor." The marriage with Anne Boleyn, which almost certainly had taken place in November, was carefully concealed in order to keep up the appearance of being on good terms with the Pope. And it was not till March 11 that Anne Boleyn's brother was instructed to inform the French King of the fact of the ceremony having been performed, and the advanced pregnancy of the lady. The King then appealed to Francis to support him in what he had done, following Francis's own advice by refusing to allow the marriage of his son with the

Pope's niece unless Clement would admit the King's excusator at Rome, and proceed no further against the King.

Meanwhile Cranmer had been appointed to Canterbury within a week of his arrival in England, and, as Chapuys at once saw, for the express purpose of deciding the case against Catharine in the country. On the 23rd of February he writes that Cranmer had married the King to the lady in presence of her father, mother, and brother, and three others, one being her chaplain; yet in the same letter he qualifies the statement by saying that, if he has not done it, he has promised to do it. And yet on the 24th of February the King thought it prudent to speak of her in public as the Marchioness. And even as late as the 10th of April the marriage was still spoken of as being about to be solemnized immediately after Easter, when the Coronation was to take place. Easter Day was on the 13th, and in a letter to the Emperor from Rome, dated April 14, Dr. Ortiz informs him that the King had promised to marry her at Midsummer, and that she was already with child. From another despatch it appears that the Queen had been informed on the Wednesday in Holy Week that the King had been married more than two months, and on Easter Eve Anne Boleyn went to mass as Queen in Royal state, the daughter of the Duke of Norfolk bearing her train. Chapuys does not spell English names very correctly, and when he says that Queen Katharine was told of her deposition by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Marquis and the Earl of Auspurg, we wonder at Mr. Gairdner's sagacity failing him. He puts a (P) after Auspurg, but he need only have turned to so well known a book as Wriothesley's *Chronicle* to find out that the person intended is the Earl of Oxford, the Lord High Chamberlain of England. It is the more remarkable because in a subsequent despatch of October 15, when Lord Orford is called Autford by Chapuys, and Exeter and Surrey are the names given to Essex and Sussex, he has guessed them all rightly.

In the Easter week a stormy interview took place between the King and the Imperial ambassador, who spoke out very plainly, and afterwards told the Emperor that it would be desirable he should be recalled, lest Charles should be thought to have given his consent to the marriage now so openly acknowledged. But before Chapuys wrote his next letter the abominable proceedings of the Court at Dunstable had commenced. Little is added to the minute details of which we were already in possession of the proceedings of that Court—excepting, indeed, the protest against its jurisdiction which was made May 5 by Chapuys, the verbatim transcript of which he sent to the Emperor on the 10th, the very day on which Cranmer commenced its session. The protest was answered by the King appointing him a meeting with Anne Boleyn's father and his principal Councillors. Of course nothing resulted from the interview, at which Chapuys, speaking in Latin, detailed the history of the bribing of the Universities and the progress of the case down to the passing of the Statute of Appeals, and was replied to by Foxe, who reminded him that he was exceeding the powers of an ambassador in contravening the law by alleging the power of the Pope. This letter also mentions the report that the marriage had taken place on the Conversion of St. Paul. It is possible, as we have formerly remarked, that St. Paul's Day may have been the expression used and misunderstood by Chapuys as meaning the 25th of January instead of November 14. A few days later he put the question to them directly as to the date of the marriage, but all he could get from them was that the Duke of Norfolk was not present, and that there was no doubt of the fact, because some of the Council had witnessed it. Chapuys perhaps exaggerates, and possibly himself mistakes to some extent the attitude of the English when he says:—

Every day I have been applied to by Englishmen of rank, wit, and learning, who give me to understand that the last King Richard was never so much hated by his people as this King. Nevertheless he was chased out by two or three thousand Frenchmen, their leader being not only not so much loved as your Majesty, but hardly known; and moreover he had not the favor of a Queen and Princess and their adherents, who comprehend nearly the whole kingdom.

It is plain that the King and his Councillors were very uneasy at the expectation of the Emperor's declaring war against England, and there is inserted in the Calendar here an undated document of considerable importance, though it is unfortunately imperfect. It is a draft in Wriothesley's hand of instructions to the ambassador at Rome, appealing to the Pope not to hasten any decision till their common friends can meet, as what is done cannot now be undone, and Henry "has trusted to the Pope's clemency for forgiveness rather than venture his soul and realm."

Nevertheless, in spite of all their fears, there was no danger of the Emperor's embroiling himself with a war for the sake of his aunt the Queen, and he takes very good care to dissuade her from taking refuge in Spain. And yet Chapuys is continually urging him to this step supposing the Pope should proceed to give sentence, and hints at the assistance to be derived from Scotland and Ireland, as well as from the English themselves, who were mostly so disgusted with the King's proceedings.

It is much to be regretted that the Emperor's replies to Chapuys and his instructions have been lost. There is only one short letter from Charles to his ambassador in the whole volume, and thus we can only guess at the contents of the despatches indirectly by allusions to them in Chapuys's replies. The want, however, is partially supplied by a Spanish document of May 31, which purports to record a deliberation of Charles's Council, but which we may be sure pretty accurately reflects the mind of the

\* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII.* Preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and Catalogued by James Gairdner, Assistant-Keeper of the Public Records, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. VI. London: Longmans & Co. 1882.

Emperor, the gist of which may be summed up in one short extract:—"Though the Emperor is bound to the Queen, this is a private matter, and public considerations must be taken into account." Charles no doubt preferred an amicable settlement, and was content even to appeal for assistance to the despised Lutherans, who are represented as all abhorring the pretended divorce. Meanwhile Clement was deferring the sentence, not knowing whether he could calculate on the Emperor's assisting him in putting it in execution; and every delay was strengthening the position of Anne Boleyn, as people were gradually becoming used to it, and learning to forget the poor unfortunate Queen, whose meekness and forbearance prevented her from doing more than offer a passive resistance to the endeavours which were being made to induce her to acquiesce in the position of Princess Dowager.

Of course Chapuys's accounts must be received as being those of a thorough partisan; yet, after making all due allowance on this score, it is impossible not to be struck with the contrast between the two women, the one bearing insult and provocation with Christian humility, the other in all her actions exhibiting a vindictive and malicious temper. In spite of all the ill-treatment she received from her husband, Catharine persisted in believing that the King would repent. She evidently could not understand the fascination that Anne Boleyn exercised over him. Anne's influence seems to have been absolutely unbounded. She even begged the King to ask Catharine for a rich triumphal cloth which she had brought from Spain to wrap up her children with at baptism, for herself to use on the coming occasion of her confinement. The Queen's reply was, as might be expected, that she would never grant any favour in a case so horrible and abominable.

On the 11th of July Clement pronounced sentence in Consistory annulling the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, and on the 8th of August issued a Bull commanding him to restore Catharine within ten days on pain of excommunication. But still the principal cause remained undetermined, nor was it finally settled till the following year, which is not included within this volume. Just about the time of the arrival of the intelligence that the Pope had spoken out thus far, there seems to have been a kind of lovers' quarrel between Henry and his new Queen, and in the very week before the birth of Elizabeth he was so displeased with Anne for her jealousy (and Chapuys says it was not without cause) that he told her she must shut her eyes, as more worthy persons had done, and that she ought to remember that he could humble her again more than he had exalted her. At any rate, the state of affairs was such as to inspire hopes in the Imperial ambassador that Henry might be induced to submit to the Pope and restore Catharine.

But Chapuys was mistaken. Not long afterwards he had to inform the Emperor that Anne Boleyn's spite and Henry's infatuation had gone such lengths that it was determined the Princess Mary should act in the capacity of lady's-maid to "this new bastard," as he called Elizabeth. It does not appear that the threat was actually carried out. It is probable that the ambassador's remonstrances with Cromwell were not without effect. Such conduct on the part of the King would have been most impolitic, both as regards the attitude of the Emperor towards him as well as the possible exasperation of his own subjects. A little later in the year the project seems to have been to get the Princess Mary to pay her respects to the new Princess, and to acknowledge her as the heir presumptive to the throne, and at the end of the year it is evident that the Imperial ambassador had given up all hopes of the King's ever repenting or retracting the step he had taken.

We have space only to notice one more most singular document in this volume. It is No. 1292, and, though sadly mutilated, there is enough remaining to show that it contains a proposal made from some unknown correspondent abroad to Cranmer that Henry might marry Isabella, the daughter of Sigismund, King of Poland, who, he says, is now in her eighteenth year. The writer does not indeed suggest that Anne Boleyn should be got rid of by foul means, but offers his best assistance, in case any such vacancy of the throne should occur, to place the Princess of Poland there. Some future discoveries will perhaps throw light on the name of the writer, who had been intimate with Cranmer at Ratisbon, and also with Sampson in Spain for many years, and was also acquainted with Sir Thomas Elyot. Mr. Gairdner has put [Cranmer?] as the recipient of the letter, but there cannot be the least doubt that it was addressed to him. Whether he made any reply to the suggestion must remain doubtful, for none such is known to exist. And here we must be content, very unwillingly, to leave this interesting volume, which is as full of valuable matter as any of those that have preceded it, only observing that it contains many more documents which are only second in interest to those which we have noticed.

#### AMERICAN LITERATURE.

**MR. MACOUN'S** book on Manitoba and the North-West (1) has, of course, little to tell us that is absolutely new. The signal and somewhat sudden development of that youngest and not least important of our great agricultural colonies has given rise to a literature of its own. The books that have described in glow-

ing terms the resources, the extent, the climate, the scenery, the geography and geology of the vast region lying between the western frontier of Ontario and Hudson's Bay on the east and the northern range of the Rocky Mountains on the west are, in proportion to the age and attractions of the colony, almost as numerous as those that have glorified the still greater attractions, the yet richer and more varied resources, and the greater, if scarcely more signal or rapid, progress of California herself. The special merit of the present work lies in the author's intimate personal acquaintance with a large part of the territory, the clearness of his descriptions, the accuracy with which he sets forth the local character and special advantages or drawbacks of each district, and, above all, in the large, valuable, and very detailed maps that display, not merely the geographical features of the country, but the extent of settlement and the ownership of each section of land in the country already surveyed. All, or nearly all, that can be said in favour of Manitoba is unluckily equally true of California; while the latter at any rate possesses such advantages both of soil and climate that while a vast part of her lands still remain unoccupied, it is not easy to understand how any other new country contrives to rival her in the hopes and affections of emigrants. But that among English colonies Manitoba offers almost unrivalled opportunities to the speculative, adventurous, or ambitious farmer, there can be no question. The progress of the Canadian Pacific Railroad under the stimulus and encouragement afforded by the adoption of the American practice which assigns one-half the lands through which the railway passes as its property, secures a reasonably easy access to the markets of Montreal, and through Montreal of the world. And the numerous navigable, or partly navigable, rivers, along whose banks, as the maps show, lie unlimited tracts of still unsettled land, enhance not a little the value of the country and the advantages open to its settlers. The long and severe winters are not deterrent to the class from whom the population of such a country must necessarily be drawn; they seem to contribute to the health, and even to the enjoyment, of young and vigorous men and women, however trying they may be found some thirty years hence to the chillier temperament of age. And if this peculiarity of the climate has not prevented the rapid population of Minnesota and the other States to the south of the Lakes, it is hardly likely to retard the colonization of a country which, though lying somewhat further to the northward, has a climate not less genial, and has moreover the advantage of such an intermixture of prairie and woodland that for some time to come judicious selection will enable the colonist to escape at once the severe labour of clearing away the forest, and the serious inconvenience which the occupants of the rich prairie lands of the south suffer from the distance and dearth of timber. Mr. Macoun's book is neither so prolix nor so tedious as its weight might suggest; it is printed in large and excellent type, and its style is perfectly direct and lucid; while it contains nearly all the information that an intending colonist would wish to obtain.

Two large and somewhat elaborate works upon the character, fortunes, and future of the Indian tribes still existing within the territory of the United States—the miserable relics of a people once numerous if not great—testify to a growing interest in the subject which we would fain hope argues a certain awakening of the national conscience of our Transatlantic kinsmen. The work of Mr. Ellis (2) is in great measure controversial, even more than historical. Its chief purpose would seem to be to offer an anodyne for those pangs which must affect the said conscience whenever the results and the method of their dealings with the Indian race are brought home to the knowledge and attention of the American people. But Mr. Ellis has only one practical argument to advance, and that is open to a triple objection. It is trite, it is irrelevant, and it is untrue. English example would not palliate American cruelties. But the fact is that for every cruelty inflicted upon Indians during the Colonial period the Americans, and not the Home Government, were responsible. Of the employment of the Indians in war, of which Mr. Ellis makes so much, the rebels of the War of Independence were at least as guilty as the Loyalists; while the atrocities committed by the Indians, if now and then more outrageous, certainly never equalled in the extent of suffering inflicted those perpetrated by the Revolutionary party upon that large, respectable, and comparatively peaceable minority of their countrymen who had adhered to the law of the land and to their oath of allegiance. But finally, since England and her American children have been rival Powers upon the Western continent, the contrast between their several ways of treating the Indians under their control has been the most striking that history records in the conduct of civilized men towards practically helpless barbarians. England has done all that she could for the protection, the preservation, and the happiness of a race perishing even under English guardianship by a law which science is hardly able to explain. On the other hand, the history of the world presents no such record of treachery, of broken promises, of barbarous cruelty, as is shown in the dealings of the American Government and the American people with the Indians south of the Lakes during the last hundred years. Every treaty made has been shamefully violated; and in almost every individual transaction between Indians and white men the Indians are wronged, swindled, and maltreated. Indian massacres when they occur are savage and remorseless enough; but there is no Indian massacre on record that has not

(1) *Manitoba and the Great North-West*. By John Macoun, M.A., F.R.S. Ontario: The World Publishing Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(2) *The Red Man and the White Man in North America*. By Geo. E. Ellis. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.



been repeatedly outdone by the acts, not only of reckless backwoodsmen carrying on a savage warfare with savages, but by officers of the regular army of the United States. To all pleas in mitigation of judgment there is one crushing answer. Canada has committed none of your crimes, none of your blunders, has made few of your omissions. She has shown that it is possible to deal justly and at the same time firmly with Indian tribes quite as fierce as their Southern kinsmen; and that, when so dealt with, they are perfectly amenable to the greater strength and steady law-abiding rule of the white man.

Colonel Dodge's work on the same subject (3) has no party object; and though its purpose was to describe the adventures and experiences of a long life spent among or in contact with the aboriginal tribes—to set forth their character, habits, superstitions, traditions, and history, and not to record their treatment, still less to plead on their behalf—it furnishes many striking instances of cruelty, as well as abundant proof of systematic cheating, practised on the tribes by the agents of the United States. Colonel Dodge's book may be recommended to the ordinary reader on one ground at least. It is not studiously unfair, and yet it is not, as are most of those books which have told the story of the aborigines fairly and conscientiously, intolerably painful reading.

The cause of Free-trade in the United States is, in the judgment of most American politicians, as of all but a few enthusiastic Radical economists in Europe, simply hopeless for the present. It needs a belief in the infallible wisdom of the multitude even stronger than Mr. Bright's, a faith in the self-evident cogency, the irresistible force of economic principles firmer than that of Mr. John Stuart Mill or his most devoted disciples, to hope against hope that within any definable period our Transatlantic kinsmen will be converted to what appears to Radicals and economists all over the globe, and to Englishmen at home, obvious economical truth. America is in the whole world the country in which sound economical principles are least likely to be enforced by practical lessons to be brought home alike to the farmer and the manufacturer, the labourer and the artisan. There is no other country in the world which embraces under the same Government and in geographical continuity every variety of temperate climate, varieties of soil and atmosphere suited to almost every production essential to the comfort or luxury of civilized man. There is consequently no country in which Protection means so little, or where internal Free-trade is so nearly self-sufficient. Upon one point, however, the Free-traders enjoy the same advantage as in England—the advantage of clear, telling proof that Protection does harm to which all concerned must be acutely sensitive. In a little volume of some two hundred pages (4) Mr. Wells has set forth, with admirable lucidity of general reasoning, and abundant precision of detail, the history of the influence of a protective policy upon the American merchant marine. That Protection has ruined the foreign carrying trade, and almost destroyed the merchant shipping of the States, once the second among shipowning nations, admits of neither doubt nor disguise. The effect is plain, the connexion between cause and effect is so obvious that, when once set forth, none but the wilfully blind can fail to see it. The laws applicable to the matter might have been passed by a set of schoolboys who had never heard of the first principles of political economy, had never seen a ship or a harbour, and knew nothing whatever of the influence or incidence of taxation. These laws render it impossible for an American to purchase a ship from foreigners; so that all American shipping must be built at home. They render it dangerous for an American to invest in shipping, since, if he or any of his partners chance to reside abroad, he is liable to lose his right to American registration and to the American flag. But, apart from such preposterous and vexatious rules as these, the general system of Protection, the taxation of materials which must be purchased from abroad, the enhanced price of all American-made materials which it is the very object of Protection to secure, make it impossible that American ships should compete on equal terms with those of England or of any European maritime people. In 1861 the tonnage of the United States was very nearly equal to that of Great Britain, the one exceeding five and a half millions, the other falling short of six. In 1881 the tonnage of the United States had fallen to four millions, while that of Great Britain is officially stated at six and a half millions; but, according to Mr. Wells, the aggregate tonnage carrying the British flag approaches more nearly to sixteen millions. The steam tonnage of Great Britain is 2,700,000, that of the United States 147,000, engaged in the foreign carrying trade. For that trade scarcely anything has been built during the last six years, while the tonnage of iron vessels alone built in Great Britain during the same period exceeded two millions. To such a decadence of their merchant marine and carrying trade no people can well be indifferent; and a nation so sensitive as the United States upon all points of national distinction, so proud of its wealth and power and of its progress in every other department, can hardly look upon its utter defeat in the most open trade in the world with complacency. Wild proposals have been made from time

to time; remedies have been suggested which, increasing the very evil under which this decadence has taken place, could only help to extinguish the little spontaneous shipowning business which America still retains. But as yet no leading politician has thought it worth while even to suggest the reversal of the policy whose results are so signally and painfully obvious.

Mr. Bowen's account of the boundary disputes between Connecticut and her neighbours (5) is hardly interesting, but certainly entertaining. It is amusing enough to read of squabbles so persistent, so inconvenient, so easy to settle, yet so long maintained; of wrangling so stubborn about the right of one or another Government of precisely similar character to the control of a few square miles of unsettled, uninhabited land; of frontiers drawn by uneducated men who sometimes neglected even to pursue throughout its length the line they proposed to lay down—a line whose indefiniteness was not very grossly exaggerated by Rufus Choate when, before the Legislature of Massachusetts, he affirmed that the Commissioners might as well have decided that the line between the States was bounded on the north by a bramble bush, on the south by a blue jay, on the west by a hive of bees in swarming time, and on the east by five hundred foxes with firebrands tied to their tails. It is perhaps a still better joke, while it is an historical fact, that the little State of Connecticut, whose western boundary now lies some twenty miles east of the Hudson, claimed at one time to extend to the Pacific Ocean. In this connexion it may be remembered that Virginia not only claimed, but actually ceded to the United States, the whole of the territory between the Ohio, the Alleghanies, the Lakes, and the Mississippi.

The Annual Register of the Canadian Dominion (6) affords, in its political record, some interesting and instructive reading. The story of twelve months' political controversy and Parliamentary warfare is clearly and briefly told in a summary intelligible to any English reader who possesses any acquaintance with the Federal Constitution and political history of the Dominion, and illustrating forcibly enough some novel points in constitutional law, and in the relation of dependencies to the mother-country.

Frank Forester was, in his day, a well-known writer of the second rank, whose reputation hardly perhaps extended to this country. It is now thought worth while to publish a *Life* (7) sad and instructive enough to be worth record, and writings for the most part of fugitive character and interest, but in themselves meritorious.

Of the very interesting and thoroughly scientific monograph of Mr. Stillman upon the actual character and form of a horse's movements when walking, trotting, and galloping (8) we have already spoken at length, and we need not do more than mention it here.

We fancy that a majority of English scholars will differ from Dr. Schodde's estimate of the age of the so-called Book of Enoch (9), and that students would do well to accept his views on other points with a certain degree of caution and reserve. But a translation which brings this curious work within the reach of every student, accompanied by an historical introduction and notes affording a fair idea of its history and character, deserves to be mentioned.

Americans are becoming at last, though slowly, alive to the injury they have inflicted upon the climate and condition of many districts by the reckless and wholesale clearance of the forests, especially of those which, covering the slopes of mountains, controlled the rainfall and drainage, and protected the lower country. The States, as well as the Federal Government, have lately legislated with a view to repair the evil, though no sufficiently systematic arrangement has yet been made to preserve those portions of the vast forests still existing whose maintenance is necessary or important to the welfare of the surrounding country. The appearance of such a work as Dr. Hough's *Elements of Forestry* (10) and of Mr. Cleveland's little pamphlet on *The Culture and Management of Our Native Forests* (11) indicates the interest now felt in what were not so long ago regarded as troublesome excrescences of nature, to be got rid of as speedily as possible, or as valuable only for the timber they furnished to builders, and the fuel they provided for a country deficient, if not in coal, yet in coal-mines. Both publications are well worth the attention of readers interested in a subject which concerns England as the mistress of vast areas of wooded territory, larger probably in the aggregate than those belonging to the United States themselves.

(5) *The Boundary Disputes of Connecticut*. By Clarence Winthrop Bowen. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *The Dominion Annual Register and Review* (1880-1881). By Henry J. Morgan. Montreal: Lovell & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(7) *Life and Writings of Frank Forester*. By David W. Judd. 2 vols. New York: Orange Judd Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(8) *The Horse in Motion*. By J. B. D. Stillman, A.M., M.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(9) *The Book of Enoch*. By Rev. G. H. Schodde, Ph.D. Andover: Warren F. Draper. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(10) *The Elements of Forestry*. By F. B. Hough, Ph.D. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(11) *The Culture and Management of Our Native Forests*. By H. W. S. Cleveland. Springfield: H. W. Rokker. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(3) *Our Wild Indians*. By Colonel Richard Irving Dodge. Hartford, Connecticut: Worthington & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(4) *Our Merchant Marine*. By David A. Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The condemnation and execution of Guiteau have, as was to be expected, produced certain protests. No one will complain that the convict's relatives should have published in pamphlet form the letters (12) which, as they think, throw light on the mental condition of President Garfield's murderer. Dr. Beard's absurd comparison between the Salem persecution of witches (13) and the trial of a man whom he and a few other crotchethmongers declared to be insane, but who by the general verdict of the profession, as well as of the public, was certainly sane enough for responsibility, is a less excusable production.

Mr. Ireland's biography of Mrs. Duff (14) belongs to a series of lives of American actors published by Messrs. Osgood.

Of the many novels on our list, *The Earl of Mayfield* (15) and *A Prince of Breffny* (16) are already known by name to many of our readers. The author of *Querndale* (17) not unnaturally thinks it necessary to apologize for the extravagances of his work, on the ground that the practical and tamer character of modern novels renders them somewhat deficient in romance, a fault of which *Querndale* will hardly be accused. *Leone* (18) appears to be a first attempt of an American traveller to turn a certain acquaintance, if not familiarity, with Italian life and scenery to account; while *The Desmond Hundred* (19) is a story of ordinary, if not quite everyday, life in America, somewhat too full of New England verbal and other eccentricities. *Esther* (20) is an effort to combine with the form and attractions of poetry the interest of an ethnological speculation, and is so far successful that the poetry and the ethnology are much upon a level. The science is not too high or dry for the verse, while the verse never leads us to forget for a moment the presence of the author's speculative purpose.

(12) *The Mental Condition of Charles Guiteau since 1865.* By John W. Guiteau.

(13) *The Psychology of the Salem Witchcraft Excitement of 1692.* By G. M. Beard, M.A., M.D. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(14) *Mrs. Duff.* By Joseph N. Ireland. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(15) *The Earl of Mayfield.* By Thomas P. May. Eighth Edition. Philadelphia: L. B. Peterson & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(16) *A Prince of Breffny.* By Thomas P. May. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(17) *Querndale.* By I. S., of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

(18) *Leone.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(19) *The Desmond Hundred.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

(20) *The Vision of Esther.* By Charles de Kay. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1882.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, S.W.—The SESSION commences October 2. INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Dr. DE HAVILLAND HALL, at 3 P.M., followed by the Distribution of Prizes.

PRIZES.—Entrance Scholarships value 250 and £40 on examination. Subjects: Latin (Livy, Book II.); French or German, Mathematics, Chemistry, and Experimental Physics; on September 29 and 30.

Exhibition, value 10 Guineas for first year's subjects. The President's Prize, value 20 Guineas, in Anatomy and Physiology, for second year's men. Prizes for Clinical Medicine and Surgery of 25 each, special class prizes. Bird Prize and Medal, 15; Chadwick Prize, 25; &c.

FEES.—£100 in one sum on entrance, or 100 Guineas in two payments, or £115 in five payments. No extra except parts for Dissection and class of Experimental Physics. Special fees for Partial and Dental Studies.

Special Classes for Preliminary Scientific (M.B. Lond.), commence in January, and special Classes of Physiological Demonstrations for the 1st M.B. (Lond.), and 1st F.R.C.S., are held from time to time.

For Prospectus and particulars apply to W. H. ALLCHIN, M.B., Dean.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will begin on Monday, October 2. The SESSION of the FACULTIES of ARTS and LAWS and of SCIENCE, will begin on October 3.

Instruction is provided for Women in all subjects taught in the Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science.

Prospectuses, and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, &c. (value about £2,000), may be obtained from the College, Gower Street, W.C.

The Examination for the Entrance Exhibitions will be held on September 27 and 28.

The SCHOOL for BOYS will RE-OPEN on September 28.

The College is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

## THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE,

1 Mile End, E.—The SESSION 1882-83 will commence on Monday, October 2, 1882, when an Introductory address will be delivered at the College by JESSE HUTCHINSON, Esq., F.R.S., Senior Surgeon of the Hospital, at 8.30 P.M., to be followed by a Conversation, to which all past and present Students are invited. FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value £60, £40, £30, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 50 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physicians, Five House-Surgeons, and One Apothecary; Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practice. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis.

MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

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The CLASSES will RE-OPEN on Thursday, October 12, at 5 Observatory Avenue, Camden Hill, W. (close to the High Street, Kensington, Station, and Vestry Hall).

Lectures will be given on:

Holy Scripture—Church History. By the Rev. Canon BARRY, D.D.

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The Inaugural Address will be given by the Rev. Canon BARRY, D.D., Principal of King's College, on Monday, October 9, at Three o'clock, in the Vestry Hall, Kensington. Admission free.

For Prospectuses and further information apply to the Secretary, Miss SCHMITZ, 28 Belisle Park Gardens, N.W.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.

The NEXT SESSION will begin on October 9, 1882. The College supplies for persons of either sex, above the ordinary school age, the means of continuing their studies in Science, Languages, History, and Literature. The Chemical, Physical, and Biological Laboratories are open daily. It is arranged that Students in Mechanical Engineering, who study during the six winter months at the College, can spend the rest of the year in the workshops and offices of various Firms in and near Bristol. Surveying and Fieldwork occupy a prominent place in the Civil Engineering Course during the Summer Term. Information with regard to the degrees of Students will be given on application. Several Scholarships will be competed for early in October.

For Prospectus and further information apply to J. N. LANGLEY, LL.D., Registrar and Secretary.